
THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOL. III. PART II.

Containing the
NEW DUNCIAD,
AND
MEMOIRS of *SCRIBLERUS*.

Never before PRINTED.

Other copy = 15443.1735.2
vol 3 pt 2

THE
WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOL. III. PART II.

Containing the

DUNCIAD, BOOK IV
AND THE
MEMOIRS of SCRIBLERUS.

Never before Printed.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, and Sold by
T. COOPER, MDCCXLII.

15446.23.5★

Harvard College Library

Lefferts

Pope Collection

April 20, 1910

ALEXANDER POPE, MS.

VOL. II. PART II.

Containing the

PUNCIAD, Book IV

AND THE

MEMOIRS of SCRIBNERUS.

Never before Printed.

LONDON:

Printed for R. D. B. and sold by
T. C. Moxon.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

Book the FOURTH.

THE Poet being, in this book, to declare the *Completion* of the *Prophecies* mention'd at the end of the former, makes a new *Invocation*, (as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung.) He shows the Goddess coming in her Majesty to destroy *Order* and *Science*, and to substitute the *Kingdom of the Dull* upon earth. How she leads captive the *Sciences*, and silenceth the *Muses*; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them also divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half-wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the *Genius's* of the *Schools*, who assure her of their care to advance her Cause, by confining Youth to *words*, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her Charge to them and the Universities. The *Universities* appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observ'd in the progress of Education; The speech of *Aristarchus* on this sub-

The ARGUMENT.

ject. They are driven off by a band of young Gentlemen return'd from *Travel* with their *Tutors*; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their *Travels*: presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and indues him with the happy quality of *Want of Shame*. She sees loitering about her a number of *Indolent Persons* abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: To these approaches the Antiquary *Annius*, intreating her to make them *Virtuosos*, and assign them over to him: But *Mummius*, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantastically adorn'd, offering her strange and exotic presents: Amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the *Indolents* before-mention'd, in the study of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond *Trifles*, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secur'd by a hearty Address from the *Minute Philosophers* and *Free-thinkers*, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The Youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body by the hands of *Silenus*; and then admitted to taste the Cup of the *Magus* her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral or rational. To these her Adepts she sends *Priests*, *Attendants*, and *Comforters*, of va-

The ARGUMENT.

rious kinds; then confers on them *Orders* and *Degrees*; finally dismissing them with a speech, confirms to each his *Privileges*, warns *One* in particular not to exceed them, and concludes with a *Yacou* of extraordinary virtue, the effects of which are not unfelt at this day.

THE ALPHABET

Alphabetical list of names and places, including A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.

Continuation of the alphabetical list, covering the remaining letters of the alphabet and their corresponding entries.

Further continuation of the alphabetical list, detailing various entries under the letters.

Final section of the alphabetical list, concluding the entries for the letters.

(i)

THE
DUNCIAD.

BOOK the FOURTH.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos and eternal Night !
Of Darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep Intent.

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This Book may properly be distinguished from the former by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in Size, but in Subject ; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet ; of which I am much more certain, than that the *Iliad* itself was the Work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomyomachia* of *Homer*, as the learned *Barnes* hath affirmed. Nor is it imperfect or incorrect, save in some few places, which we shall remark.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet willing to approve himself a genuine Son,

Ye Powr's ! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing, 5
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,

REMARKS.

beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulness*) his high Respect for *Antiquity* and a *Great Family*, how dull, or dark soever ; next declareth his love for *Mystery* and *Obscurity* ; and lastly his Impatience to be *re-united* to her. SCRIBL.

V. 2. — *dread Chaos and eternal Night !*] Invoked, as the Restoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem, referring to the Prophecy in Verse 338 of the third book ;

*She comes, the Cloud-compelling Pow'r, behold !
With Night primæval, and with Chaos old, &c.*

V. 4. — *half to show, half veil the deep Intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never express himself otherwise than by *halves* or imperfectly. There are some I know, who understand it very differently ; as if the Author in this work had indeed a *deep Intent*, that there were in it *Mysteries* or *αἰνιγματὰ*, which he durst not fully reveal, and that in divers verses (according to *Milton*)

— *more is meant than meets the ear.*

V. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing.*] Fair and softly, good Poet ! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place) For sure in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast-toward Oblivion, as divers others of more Confidence have done : For

Suspend a while your Force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

'Twas when the Dog-star's unpropitious ray
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay; 10
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour:

R E M A R K S.

when I revolve in my mind the Catalogue of those who have the most boldly promised to themselves Immortality, viz. *Pindar, Luis Gengora, Ronsard, Oldham*, [Lyrics,] and *Lycophron, Statius, Camerens, Chapman, Blackmore*, [Heroicks,] I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken upon us the office of Commentator, to suffer our Poet thus prodigally to cast away his Life; contrary-wise the more hidden and abstruse is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common Understanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of Men and Angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable Spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on the Fragments of *dark and uncouth* Authors, preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and chosen to give light to *Lycophron*, rather than to hold a candle to *Homer*. SCRIBL.

V. 7. — *Force inertly strong.*] Alluding to the *Vis inertiae* of Matter, which tho' it really has no Power, is yet the Foundation of all its Qualities and Attributes.

Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
 To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
 Of dull and venal a new World to mold, 15
 And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

She mounts the Throne : her head a Cloud conceal'd,
 In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,

REMARKS.

V. 14. *To blot out Order, and extinguish Light.*] The two great Ends of her Mission; the one in quality of Daughter of *Chaos*, the other as Daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be understood extensively, both as Civil and Moral, the distinctions between high and low in Society, and true and false in Individuals : *Light* as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

V. 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The Allegory continued : *dull* referring to the extinction of Light or Science, *venal* to the destruction of Order, or the Truth of Things.

V. 15. — *a new World.*] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Dissolution of the present World into Night and Chaos, a new one should arise, which the Poet makes to partake of its original Principles.

V. 16. *Lead and Gold.*] i. e. dull and venal.

V. 17. — *her Head a Cloud conceal'd,*

In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd.]

It was the opinion of the Ancients, that the Divinities manifested themselves to Men by their *Back-parts*, Virg. *Æn.* 1.

— *Et avertens, rosea cervice refulsit.*

('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines.

20

REMARKS.

But this passage may admit of a more modern Exposition, by the Adage, "**The higher you climb, the more you shew your A---**" Verify'd in no Instance more than in Dulness aspiring: emblemized also by an Ape climbing and exposing his posteriors. SCRIBL.

V. 20. — *ber Laureate son reclines.*] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that such a Colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the Throne, and have very little share in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing, having past thro' the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him, and thro' the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well consider'd, to seem strange in our days, when so many *King-Consorts* have done the like. SCRIB.

V. *id.* — *ber Laureate.*] "When I find my
" Name in the Satyrical works of this Poet, I never
" look upon it as any Malice meant to me,
" but PROFIT to HIMSELF. For he considers that
" my Face is more known than most in the nation;
" and therefore a Lick at the Laureate will be a sure
" bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers."
Life of C. C. Chap. 2.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious Expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable Argument, that this DUNCIAD as well as the former, hath had the Au-

Beneath her footstool, *Science* groans in Chains,
 And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains.
 There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound,
 There stript, fair *Rhetoric* languish'd on the ground;
 His blunted Arms by Sophistry are born, 25
 And shameless *Billingsgate* her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her false Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Casistry* in Lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the Cord,
 And dies, when *Dulness* gives her *Page* the word. 30

REMARKS.

thor's last hand, and was by him intended for the Press: Or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing Stroke, the profitable *Lick* at the *Laureat*?

V. 21, 22. *Beneath her footstool, &c.*] We are next presented with the Pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in Captivity. *Science* is only depressed and confined, so as to be rendred useleſs; but *Wit* and *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active Enemy, punished, or driven away: *Dulness* being often reconcil'd in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each Science, in its room, for the better Advancement of her Empire.

V. 30. — gives her *Page the Word*.] Her *Page*, to wit her *Mute*; alluding to the custom of strangling State-Criminals in *Turkey* by Mutes or Pages. A practice more decent than that of our *Pages*, who before they hang any Person, load him with reproachful language.

SCRIBL.

Mad *Matheſis* alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 Now to pure Space liſts her extatick Stare,
 Now running round the Circle, finds it ſquare.
 But held in tenfold bonds the Muſes lye,
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
 There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
 The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breaſt;
 But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age.

REMARKS.

V. 31. *Mad Matheſis.*] Alluding to the ſtrange Concluſions ſome Mathematicians have deduced, from their principles of the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of Space*, &c.

V. 33. — *pure Space.*] i. e. pure and deſecrated from Matter. — *extatick Stare*, the action of men who look about with full aſſurance of ſeeing what does not exiſt, ſuch as thoſe who expect to find *Space* a real being.

V. 34. — *running round the Circle find it ſquare.*] Regards the wild and fruitleſs attempts of *ſquaring the Circle*.

V. 36. *Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's Eye.*] One of the Miſfortunes falling on Authors, from the *Art* for ſubjecting *Plays* to the power of a *Licenſer*, being the falſe representations to which they were expos'd, from ſuch as either gratify'd their Envy to Merit, or made their Court to Greatneſs, by perverting general Reflections againſt Vice into Libels on particular Perſons.

There sunk Thalia, nerve-less, cold, and dead,
 Had not her Sister Satire held her head :
 Nor cou'd'st thou, CHESTERFIELD ! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.
 When lo ! a Harlot form soft-sliding by,
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye ;

REMARKS.

V. 40. *But History and Satire.*] History holds up the head of Tragedy, Satire of Comedy, as their assistants in the discharge of their distinct functions: the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great, the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people.

V. 41. *Nor could'st thou, &c.*] This Noble Person in the year 1737, when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. Cibber) "with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them: but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble Author and my self, concerning the *True Reading* of certain passages.

SCRIBL.

V. 43. *When lo ! a Harlot form.*] Every Reader will see, that from this verse to the 68th is a detached piece. We suppose it rightly inserted here, from what is said of her casting a scornful look on the *prostrate Muses*: but if any one can shew us a properer

Book IV. The DUNCIAD.

69

Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride 43
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside.
By singing Peers up-held on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke. 50
O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
My racks and tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense,

REMARKS.

place, we shall be obliged to him. — The Attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the *Italian Opera*: its affected airs, its luxurious and effeminating sounds, and the practise of patching up these Opera's with favorite tunes, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the Nobility.

V. 52. — *let Division reign.*] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in Musick with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Sense, and applies to the Passions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of Instruments into the Orchestra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller chorus; which prov'd so much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Musick into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced for want of Composers to practise the patch-work above-mentioned.

One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief and rage, 55
 Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry *encore*.
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jiggs, and dances in my chains. 60
 But soon, ah soon Rebellion will commence,
 If Musick meanly borrows aid from Sense:
 Strong in new Arms lo Giant Handel stands,
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes, 65
 And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
 Arrest him, Empress! or you sleep no more —
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.
 And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet blown,
 And all the Nations summon'd to the Throne. 70

REMARKS.

V. 59. — *Thy own Phœbus reigns.*]

Tuus jam regnat Apollo.

VIRG.

Not the ancient *Phœbus* the God of Harmony, but a modern *Phœbus* of French extraction, married to the Princess *Galimatbia*, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera. Of whom see *Bouhours*, and other Criticks of that nation.

V. 69. — *Fame's posterior Trumpet.*] *Posterior*, viz. her second or more certain Report: unless we imagine this word *posterior* to relate to the position of one of her Trumpets, according to *Hudibras*.

The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.

None need a guide, by sure Attraction led, 70
And strong impulsive gravity of head:

None want a place, for all their Centre found,
Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.

Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen. 75

REMARKS.

*She blows not both with the same Wind,
But one before and one behind,
And therefore modern Author's name
One good, and t'other evil Fame.*

V. 73. *None need a Guide, — none want a Place—*] The sons of Dulness are *αὐλοδιδασκοί*, and can introduce themselves into all places, they want no instructors in study, nor guides in life.

V. 71 to 101.] It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are imaged in the simile of the Bees about their Queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, tho' not caring to own her influence, from Verse 79 to 89. The third of such, as tho' not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scriblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in Arts they understand not: from Verse 89 to 101.

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast involuntary throng, 80
 Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.
 Not those alone who passive own her laws,
 But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
 Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town, 85
 Sneers at another, in Toupee or Gown;
 Whate'er of mungil no one class admits,
 A Wit with dunces and a dunce with wits.
 Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons the Great, 90
 Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
 Or impious, preach his word without a call.
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
 With-hold the pension, and set up the head;
 Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred gown; 95
 Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
 And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrit.

REMARKS.

V. 91. — *false to Phœbus.*] Spoken of the ancient and true *Phœbus*, not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no chosen Priests or Poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach. SCRIBL.

V. 93. — *who sneak from living worth to dead.*] See the Note on Verse 113.

There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
 Who rym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride. 100
 Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r,
 Look'd a white lilly sunk beneath a show'r.
 There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a Volume fair;
 Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide, 105
 Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:
 But as in graceful act, with awful eye
 Compos'd he stood, bold B—f—n thrust him by:
 On two unequal crutches propt he came,
 Miltons on this, on that one Jonston's name. 110
 The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
 When Dulness, smiling — "Thus revive the Wits;
 But murder first, and mince them all to bits;

REMARKS.

V. 103. *There mov'd Montalto.*] An eminent person of Quality who was about to publish a very pompous Edition of a great Author, very much at his own expence indeed.

V. 108. — *bold B—f—n.*] This man endeavoured to raise himself to Fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, and procuring translations, of *Milton*; and afterwards by a great passion for *Arthur Jonston*, a Scots physician's Version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine Editions. See more of him, Book 3.

V. 113. *Thus revive, &c.*] The Goddess applauds

As erst Medæa (cruel, so to save!) 115
 A new Edition of old Æson gave.
 Let standard-Authors thus like trophies born,
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn,
 And you my Critics! in the checquer'd shade,
 Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.
 Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;
 But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick.

O II

REMARKS.

the practise of tacking the obscure names of Persons, not eminent in any branch of learning to those of the most distinguished Writers; by printing *Editions* of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, or by setting up *Monuments* disgraced with their own names and inscriptions.

V. 116. — *old Æson.*] Of whom Ovid (very applicably to these restored authors)

Æson miratur,

Diffimilemq; animum subiit —

V. 122. *A Page, a Grave.*] For what less than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a Page can be allow'd a living one?

V. 122. *A Page.*] *Pagina*, not *Pedissequus*. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower or Attendant; no Poet having had a *Page* since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.

So by each Bard an Alderman shall sit, 125

A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,

And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,

Some Slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.

Now Crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,

Each eager to present the first Address. 130

Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,

But Fop shews fop superior complaisance.

When lo! a Spectre rose, whose index-hand

Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand;

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland bears, 135

Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.

All flesh is humbled, Youth's bold courage cools.

Each shudd'ring owns the Genius of the Schools.

The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,

And hold his breeches close with both his hands. 140

REMARKS.

V. 125. *So by each Bard an Alderman, &c*] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, Editio Westmonasteriensis.

V. 134. — *the dreadful Wand*.] A thin cane, usually born by Schoolmasters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury.

V. 140. *And holds his breeches*.] An effect of Fear somewhat like this is described in the 7th Æneid,

Contremuit nemus —

Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos.

nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to

Then thus. Since Man from beast by Words is known,

Words are Man's province, words we teach alone.

When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,

Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.

Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide, 145

We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,]

As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,

We ply the Memory, we load the brain,

Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain; 150

REMARKS.

lay close hold on whatever is suppos'd to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful Senators (tho' so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any Master.

V. 143. — *like the Samian letter.*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice. *Persius.*

Et tibi quæ Samios deduxit litera ramos.

V. 145. *Plac'd at the door, &c.*] This circumstance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the *Genius* of human Nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life. Ο' δε Τέρων ὁ ἀνὰ εἰσηκὺς ἔχων χάρισιν τινα ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ εἰσερχομένῳ ὡς περ δεικνύων τὸ εἶναι Δαίμωνων καλεῖσθαι, &c.

Confine the thought to exercise the breath;
 And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
 Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
 A Poet the first day, he dips his quill; 155
 And what the last? a very Poet still.
 Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
 There truant WYNDHAM every Muse gave o'er,
 There TALBOT sunk, and was a Wit no more! 160
 How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY, was our boast,
 How many Martials were in PULT'NEY lost!
 Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand ryming nights and days,
 Had reach'd the work, the All that mortal can; 165
 And South beheld that Master-piece of Man.

REMARKS.

V. 151. — *to exercise the breath.*] By obliging them to get the classick poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for Conversation, and Verbal amusement for their whole lives.

V. 166. — *that Master-piece of man.*] viz. an Epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics say, "an Epic Poem is the
 "greatest work human nature is capable of."

Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant Reign!
 Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again;
 To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
 Give law to Words, or war with Words alone, 170
 Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
 For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.

REMARKS.

V. 168. *Some gentle James, &c.*] Wilson tells us that this king, *James* the first, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar the Spanish Ambassador wou'd speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great Prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his loyal Clergy transferr'd from *God* to *Him*. "The principles of Passive Obedience and Nonresistance (says the Author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8.) which before his time had sculk'd perhaps in some old Homily, were talk'd, written, and preach'd into vogue in that inglorious reign.

V. 174.

— if Dulness sees a grateful day,
 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary sway.

And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession.
 I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian,

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing, 175
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;

REMARKS.

— *nunquam Libertas gratior exstat*
Quam sub Rege pio —

But this I will say, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verse was thus,

— *nunquam Libertas gratior exstat*
Quam sub Lege pia —

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulness herself. And therefore she might allude to it. SCRIBL.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: The genuine reading is *Libertas*, and *Rege*: So Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the first verse: It should be *Exit*, not *Exstat*, and then the meaning will be, that Liberty was never lost, or went away with so good a grace, as under a good King: it being without doubt a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

This further leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all the Editions of the Author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion above-mention'd by Scriblerus of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy*. Essay on Crit.

*Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd
By the same Laws herself at first ordain'd.*

That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign :
 May you, may Cam, and Isis preach it long !
 " The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong.
 Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal :
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
 Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day, 185
 [Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away]
 Each staunch Polemick stubborn as a rock,
 Each fierce Logician still expelling Lock,

REMARKS.

Who sees not, it should be, *Nature like Liberty?*
 correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus*, (even tho'
 the Author himself should oppugn) in all the im-
 pressions which have been, or shall be, made of his
 works. BENTLEY.

V. 186. *Tho' Christ-church*] This line is doubt-
 less spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of
 the Editor; and accordingly we have put it between
Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as
 any other, by its proper Deputies; nor did any
 College pay homage to Dulness in its whole body.

BENTLEY.

V. 188. — *still expelling Lock*] In the year
 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the Univer-
 sity of Oxford to censure Mr. Lock's Essay on Hu-
 man Understanding, and to forbid the reading it.

Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick
 On German Crouzaz and Dutch Burgersdyck. 190
 As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
 Where B--tl-y late tempestuous went to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch; 195
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark:

R E M A R K S.

V. 190. *On German Crouzaz and Dutch Burgersdyck*] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses should ride on horseback, who of late days being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honour'd with Names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus.

V. 191. — *the Streams*.] The River Cam, running by the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in Disputation.

V. 194. — *sleeps in Port.*] viz. “now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society.” So *Scriblerus*. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* understands it of a certain Wine called *Port*, from *Oporto* a city of Portugal, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. *Scip. Maff. de Computationibus Academicis.*

His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
 Walker with rev'rence took, and lay'd aside.
 Low bow'd the rest : He kingly, did but nod ;
 So upright Quakers please both Man and God. 209
 Mistress ! dismiss that rabble from your throne.
 Ayaunt — is Aristarchus yet unknown ?

REMARKS.

V. 197. *His Hat. &c.* — *So upright Quakers please both Man and God.*] The Hat-worship, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect : yet where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the Courts of Justice and Houses of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence and yet not violate their conscience, contrived to hire people to uncover them with the appearance of force.

V. 202. *Aristarchus.*] A famous Commentator, and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a severe Critic.

IMITATIONS.

V. 199. *He kingly, did but nod.*] Milton.

— *He, kingly, from his State declin'd not* —

V. 202. — *Is Aristarchus yet unknown ?*

— *Sic notus Ulysses ?*

Virg.

Dost thou not feel me, Rome ? Ben. Johnson.

Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it Prose again.

Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better;
Author of something yet more great than Letter;
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.

'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*, 210

REMARKS.

V. 207, 208. *While tow'ring o'er yur Alphabet like Saul, Stands our Digamma—*] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Eolic Digamma, in his long-projected Edition of Homer. He calls it *something more than Letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set upon the shoulders of another.

V. 210. — *of Me or Te.*] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written, whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, *Me doctarum bedæra præmia frontium*, or *Te doctarum bedæra —*

IMITATIONS.

V. 205. *Roman and Greek Grammarians, &c.*] Imitated from Propertius speaking of the *Æneid*.

Cedite Roman scriptores, cedite Graii!

Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

To found or sink in *cano*, O or A ?
 Or give up Cicero to C or K ?
 Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke ;
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny, 215
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply :
 For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
 In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal ; 220
 What Gellius or Stobæus cook'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.

REMARKS.

V. 212. *Or give up Cicero to C or K.*] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name.

V. 216. *Manilius or Solinus.*] Some Critics having had it in their choice, to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

V. 218, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The first a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute Critic; the third an author who gave his Common-place-book to the publick, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books.

V. 222. *Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.*] These taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another.

The critic Eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 225
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse, shall see,
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.

Ah think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 230
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lye and nod.
Thine is the genuine Head of many a house,
And much Divinity without a *Nŷ*.
Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block, 235
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock;

REMARKS.

V. 234. *And much Divinity without a Nŷ*] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify *Genius* or natural *acumen*. But this passage has a further view: *Nŷ* was the Platonic term for *Mind*, or the *first Cause*, and that system of Divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind Nature without a *Nŷ*: such as the Poet afterwards describes, (speaking of the dreams of one of these later Platonists)

*Or that bright Image to our Fancy draw
Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw,
That Nature — &c.*

V. 235, 236. *Barrow, Atterbury*] Isaac Barrow

See! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Metaphysic smokes involve the Poll.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

240

What tho' we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school?
Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown 245
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Ryme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse: 250

REMARKS.

Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Christ-church, both great Genius's and eloquent Preachers; one more conversant in the sublime Geometry, the other in classical Learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their several Societies.

V. 237. — *the heavy Canon.*] Canon here, if spoken of *Artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the *Canons of the House*, in the singular, and meant only of *one*: in which case I suspect the *Pole* to be a false reading, and that it should be the *Poll*, or Head of that Canon. SCRIBL.

*** *Hiatus*, but not *valdè deflendus*, since the learned Aristarchus loves a Fragment.

Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a Genius to a Dunce;
 Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance,
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same cement, ever sure to bind, 255
 We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind;
 Then take him to devellop, if you can,
 And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.
 But wherefore waste I Words? I see advance
 Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France. 260

REMARKS.

V. 252. — *petrify a Genius.*] Those who have no Genius's employ'd in works of imagination, those who have, in abstract sciences.

V. 285. *And hew the Block off.*] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble a Statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts.

V. 260. — *lac'd Governor.*] Why *laced*? Because Gold and Silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the Governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into Courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know by sight that this Governor came from France? Why, by the laced coat.

SCRIBL.

V. *id. Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor.*] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor should have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But

Walker ! our hat — nor more he deign'd to say,
But stern as Ajax spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place :
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The first came forward, with as easy mien
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen.

REMARKS.

were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore : And were the Pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen ; namely the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor ; but placeth the Whore first, as she usually governs both the other. SCRIBL.

V. 262. — *stern as Ajax Spectre.*] See Homer, *Odys.* 11. where the Ghost of Ajax turns suddenly from Ulysses.

V. 264. *And titt'ring push'd, &c.*] Hor.

Rident & pulset lasciva decentius ætas.

V. 268. *As if he saw St. James's.*] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the Presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Dulness delighted ey'd the lively Duncce,
 Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once. 270
 When thus th' attendant Orator begun.
 Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son:
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless Infant never scar'd with God!
 The Sire saw one by one, his Virtues wake; 275
 The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake:
 Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy nor Man.
 Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
 Safe and unseen the young Æneas past: 280

REMARKS.

V. 271. — [th' attendant Orator.] The Governor above said. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it. SCRIB.

V. 274. *A dauntless Infant never scar'd with God.*] Hor.

— *sine Dis Animosus Infans.*

V. 280. — *unseen the young Æneas past,*
Thence bursting glorious. See Virg. Æn. 1.

*At Venus obscuro gradientes aëra sepsit,
 Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu.
 Cernere ne quis eos: — 1. neu quis contingere possit;
 2. Molirive moram; — aut 3. veniendi poscere causas.*

Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
 Intrepid then o'er seas and lands he flew :
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we display, 285
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way !
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons ;
 Or Tyber now no longer Roman rolls,
 Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls. 290
 To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in Vines,
 Where slumber Abbots, purple as their Wines :
 To Isles of fragrance, lilly-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales :
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 295
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lyon of the Deeps ;

REMARKS.

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him : to wit, 1. that no-body might touch or correct him : 2. might stop or detain him : 3. examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there ?

V. 293. — *Lilly-silver'd Vales.*] *Tuberoses.*

V. 298. *And Cupids ride the Lyon of the Deeps.*]

The winged Lyon the Arms of Venice. This Republick heretofore the most considerable in Europe

Where, cas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain. 300
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground;
 Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
 His royal sense of Op'ra's or the Fair;
 The Stews and Palace equally explor'd, 305
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
 Try'd all *bors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Left his own language, and acquir'd no more; 310
 All Classic learning lost on Classic ground;
 And last turn'd *Air*, the Eccho of a Sound!

REMARKS.

for her Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illustrious for her Carnivals.

V. 308. — *greatly-daring din'd.*] It being indeed no small risque to eat thro' those extraordinary compositions, whose disguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

V. 312, *And last turn'd Air, the Eccho of a Sound.*] Yet less a Body than Eccho itself; for Eccho reflects *Sense* or *Words* at least, this Gentleman only *Airs* and *Tunes*:

— *Sonus est, qui vivit in illo.* Ovid. Met.

See now, half-cur'd and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a Solo in his head;
 As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit, 315
 As Ja—f—n, Fl—tw—d, C—b—r, shall think fit,
 Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
 And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone;
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
 Her too receive, (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores, 320

REMARKS.

V. 314. *With nothing but a Solo in his head.*] With nothing but a *Solo*? Why, if it be a *Solo*, how should there be any thing else? Palpable Tautology! Read boldly an *Opera*, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin. BENTL.

V. 316. — *Ja—f—n, Fl—tw—d, C—b—r.*] Three very eminent persons, all Managers of *Plays*; who tho' not Governors by profession, had each in his way concern'd themselves in the Education of youth, and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world.

V. 319. *Her too receive, &c.*] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on V. 260, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.

V. 320. *So may the sons of sons, &c.*] Virg.

Et nati natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis. Æn. 3.

Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Posterity thy own.

Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero, and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense of Shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at Church, at Senate. or at Court,
Of ever-listless Loit'ers, that attend
No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend. 330

Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy Chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The Pains and penalties of Idleness.

She pity'd! but her Pity only shed 335
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

REMARKS.

V. 321. *Thee too, my Paridel!*] The Poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a *wandering Courtly Squire*, that travell'd about for the same reason, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to *Paris*. Faery Queen. Lib. Can. 9.

— V. 332. &c. *Stretch'd on the Rack* —
And heard, &c] Virg. *Æn.* 6.

*Sedet, æternumq; sedebit,
Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasq; miserrimus omnes
Admonet* —

But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
 And well-dissembl'd Em'rald on his hand,
 False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
 Came cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
 Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there;
 So he; but pious, whisper'd first his prayer.

Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat,
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
 Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the Noble head.

REMARKS.

V. 337. *Annius.*] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many Impositions and Forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions; which he was prompted to by mere vanity, but our Annius had a more substantial motive.

V. 345. — *Grant me still to cheat!*
O may thy Cloud still cover the Deceit!

Hor. — *Da pulchra Laverna*
Da mibi fallere —
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem.

V. *id.* — *still to cheat.*] Some read *skill*, but that is frivolous, for Annius hath that skill already; or if he had not, *skill* were not wanting to cheat such persons.

BENJL.

So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise, 350
 Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowle
 Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owle,
 Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;
 Be rich in ancient brasse, tho' not in gold, 355
 And keep his Lares, tho' his house be sold;
 To head-less Phæbe his fair bride postpone;
 Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
 Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two. 360

REMARKS.

V. 351. — *bunt th' Athenian fowle.*] The Owle stamp'd on the reverse of the ancient money of Athens.

Which Chalcis Gods, and Mortals call an Owle,
 is the verse by which Hobs renders that of Homer,

Χαλχίδα κυκλῆσκοντι Θεοι. Ἄνδρες ὃ Κύμινδιν.

V. 353. *Attys and Cecrops.*] The first Kings of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbid all Images. Nevertheless one of these Anniius's made a counterfeit one, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman.

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-re-
Who like his Cheops, stinks above the ground, [now'n'd,
Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd and said;
Ratling an ancient Sistrum at his head.

Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor base! 365
Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race.

REMARKS.

V. 361. *Mummius*.] This name is not merely an allusion to the *Mummius* he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name who burn'd Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, assuring him "that if
"any were lost, or broken, he should procure others
"to be made in their stead:" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoso.

V. 362. *Cheops*.] A King of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramide, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatra's. This Royal Mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchas'd by the Consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the Museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the Theft above mention'd. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

V. 365. *Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes, &c.*] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the

True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
 More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
 When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep: 370
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
 Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
 Deep in his Entrails — I rever'd them there;
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, 375
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

REMARKS.

Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting Coins, and being pursued by a Corsaire of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advis'd Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous Physician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour first ask'd him *whether the Medals were of the higher Empire?* He assur'd him they were. Dufour was ravish'd with the hope of possessing such a treasure, he bargain'd with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

V. 373. — *each Demi-God.*] They are called *Θεοι* on their Coins.

Witness great Ammon ! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before
 Still bears them, faithful ; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the Medals with the meat. 380
 To prove me, Goddess ! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine :
 There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And D—g—s lend his soft, obitetric hand.
 The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent ; 385
 So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
 A Tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
 Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
 A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r. 390
 But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal.
 And aspect ardent to the Throne appeal.
 The first thus open'd. Hear thy suppliant's call,
 Great Queen, and common Mother of us all !

REMARKS.

V. 377. *Witness great Ammon !*] Jupiter Ammon is call'd to witness as the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose *Horns* they wore on their Medals.

V. 384. *D—g—s.*] A Physician of great Learning and no less Taste ; above all curious in what relates to *Horace*, of whom he has collected every Edition, Translation, and Comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r, 395
 Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and sun, and show'r,
 Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
 Bright with the gilded button tip't its head,
 Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE;
 Each Maid cry'd, charming! and each Youth, divine!
 Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?
 Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
 No Maid cries, charming! and no Youth, divine!

REMARKS.

V. 399. — *and nam'd it Caroline.*] It is a compliment which the Florists usually pay to Princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious Flowers of their raising: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardner at Hammersmith, who caused his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inscription, *This is My Queen Caroline.*

IMITATIONS.

V. 395, &c. *Fair from its humble bed — &c.*

— *nam'd it Caroline.*

Each Maid cry'd Charming, and each Youth Divine!

Now prostrate, dead! behold that Caroline!

No Maid cries Charming, and no Youth, Divine.]

And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust 405
Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades.

He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen.

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r 415
The rising game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r:
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.

IMITATIONS.

These Verses are translated from Catullus, Epit.

*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.*

REMARKS.

V. 411. *Of all th' enamel'd Race.*] The Poet seems to have had an eye to Spenser, Muipotmos.

*Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which do possess the Empire of the Air.*

V. 417, 418. *It fled, I follow'd, &c.*] Milt.

At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd : 420
 Rose or Carnation, was below my care ;
 I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but show the prize ;
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye, 425
 Fair ev'n in death! this peerless *Butterfly*.

My sons ! (she answer'd) both have done your parts :
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But hear a Mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends. 430
 The common Soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake ;
 A drowzy Watchman that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd ; 435
 The dull may waken to a Humming-bird ;

REMARKS.

V. 430. — *our sleeping Friends.*] Of whom see
 V. 335 above.

IMITATIONS.

—— *I started back,
 It started back ; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon*——

Milton.

The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
 The mind in Metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of Moss; 440
 The head that turns at super-lunar things
 Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkin's wings.
 O! would the Sons of men once think their Byes
 And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies*!

REMARKS.

V. 440. — *a wilderness of Moss.*] Of which the Naturalists count above three hundred species.

V. 442. *Wilkin's Wings*] One of the first Projectors of the Royal Society, who among many enlarged and useful notions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the Moon; which has put some volatile Genius's upon making wings for that purpose.

V. 443. *O would the Sons of Men, &c.*] This is the third speech of the Goddess to her Suppliants, and compleats the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, and Religion. In the first speech, ver. 115, to her Editors and conceited Critics, she directs how to deprave Wit and discredit fine Writers. In her second, ver. 169, to the Educators of youth, she shows them how all Civil Duties may be extinguish'd, in that one doctrine of divine Hereditary Right. And in this third, she charges

See Nature in some partial narrow shape, 145
 And let the Author of the Whole escape :
 Learn but to trifle ; or, who most observe,
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
 Sworn foe to Mystry, yet divinely dark, 550
 Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,

REMARKS.

the Investigators of Nature to amuse themselves in Trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the First. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say ; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath manag'd it) what hath been said of true Wit, that *She neither says too little, nor too much.*

V. 409. — *a gloomy Clerk.*] The Epithet gloomy in this line may seem the same with that of dark in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious Sceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled Systems.

V. 452. *When Moral Evidence shall quite decay.*] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions : according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate-House. See *Craigs, Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old,

And damns implicit faith and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize.)
 Let others creep by timid steps, and slow, 455
 On plain Experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride! 460
 We nobly take the high Priori Road,
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God:

REMARKS.

for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary Power of our Goddess; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray.

V. 461. — *the high Priori Road.*] Those who from the effects in this Visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the First Cause, tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the End of their Creation, and the Means of their Happiness; whereas they who take this high Priori Road, (such as Hobbs, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better Reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in Mists, or ramble after Visions, which deprive them of all sight of their End, and mis-lead them in the choice of wrong means.

Make Nature still incroach upon his plan ;
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can :
 Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place ; 465
 Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
 Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
 Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,

REMARKS.

V. 463. — *Make Nature still.*] This relates to such as being ashamed to assert a mere Mechanic Cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain *Plastic Nature, Elastic Fluid, &c.*

V. 465. *Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place,*
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.]

The first of these Follies is that of Des Cartes, the second of Hobbs, the third of some succeeding Philosophers.

V. 467. *Or at one bound, &c.]* Here the Poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philosophy, descends to those in Moral,

Make God Man's Image, Man the Final Cause.

Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,

See all in Self ———]

Man was made according to *God's Image* ; this false Theology, measuring his Attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's Image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his *Reason* ; the next of imagining himself the Final Cause, is the effect of his *Pride* ; as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Mora-

Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
 See all in *Self*, and but for self be born: 470
 Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.
 Oh hide the God still more! or make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:
 Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought, 475
 Regardless of our Merit or Default.

REMARKS.

lity the imposition of the Magistrate, is of the Corruption of his heart. Hence he centers every thing in himself. The Progress of Dulness herein differing from that of Madness, one ends in *seeing all in God*, the other in *seeing all in self*.

V. 471. *Of nought so certain as our Reason still*, of which we have most cause to be diffident. *Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will*, two things the most self-evident, the Existence of our Soul; and the Freedom of our Will.

V. 474. *Such as Lucretius drew*] Lib. i. ver. 57.

Omnis enim per se Divom natura necessest

Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur;

Semota ab hostris rebus, summotaq; longe —

Nec oæne pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.

From whence the two verses following are translated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddess.

SCRIBL.

Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw,

REMARKS.

V. 477. Or *that* bright Image.] *Bright Image* was the Title given by the latter Platonists to that Idea of *Nature* which they had form'd in their fancy, *Αἰσῶσις Ἀγαλλία*, or the *Self-seen Image*.

V. 478. Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw.] Thus this Philosopher calls upon his Friend, to partake with him in these Visions.

“To-morrow, when the Eastern Sun
“With his first Beams adorns the front
“Of yonder Hill, if you're content
“To wander with me in the Woods you see,
“We will pursue those Loves of ours,
“By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs:

“and invoking first the *Genius* of the *Place*, we'll
“try to obtain at least some faint and distant view of
“the *Sovereign Genius* and *first Beauty*. *Charact.*
Vol. 2. pag. 245.

This *Genius* is thus apostrophized (pag. 345.) by the same Philosopher.

“— O glorious *Nature*!
“Supremely fair, and sovereignly good!
“All-loving, and all-lovely! all divine!
“Wise Substitute of Providence! *impower'd*
“Creatress! or, *impow'ring Deity*,
“Supreme Creator!
“Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

While thro' Poetic scenes the *Genius* roves,
 Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;
 That *NATURE*, our Society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus Inores.

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy Sire,
 And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of Fire:
 Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down.
 Rosie and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.

REMARKS.

Sir *Isaac Newton* distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol: gen. sub fin] — *Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per Proprietates suas & attributa, & per sapientissimas & optimas rerum structuras, & causas finales; veneramur autem & colimus ob dominium. Deus etenim sine dominio, Providentia, & causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam Fatum & Natura.*

V. 479. — *roves, Or wanders wild in Academic Groves.*] “Above all things I lov'd *Ease*, and of all Philosophers those who reason'd most at their *Ease*; and were never angry or disturb'd, as those call'd *Scop-ticks* never were: I look'd upon this kind of Philosophy as the prettiest, agreeablest, roving Exercise of the Mind, possible to be imagined.” Vol. 2. p. 206.

V. 482. *Silenus.*] *Silenus* was an Epicurean Philosopher, as appears from *Virgil*, *Eclog.* 6, where he sings the Principles of that Philosophy in his drink.

V. 484. *Seeds of Fire.*] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or Atoms. *Virg.* *Eclog.* 6. *Semina Ignis*, — *semina flammæ* —

Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddess *Dame*.
 Then thus. From Priest-craft happily set free,
 Lo! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee: 490
 First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
 Then dupe to Party; child and man the same;
 Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 495
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen,
 Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
 Now to thy shade from all their glory shrunk,
 All melted down, in Pension, or in Punk! 500

[REMARKS.]

V. 491. *First slave to Words, &c.*] A Recapitulation of the whole Course of Modern Education describ'd in this book, which confines Youth to the study of Words only in Schools, subjects them to the authority of Systems in the Universities, and deludes them with the names of Party-distinctions in the World. All equally concurring to narrow the understanding, and establish Slavery and Error, in Literature, Philosophy, and Politicks—The whole finished in modern Free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes *Self-love* for the sole Principle of Action.

So * so * * sneak'd into the Grave,
 A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave.
 Poor W * * nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast; 505
 Thy *Magus*, Goddess! shall perform the rest.
 With that, a WIZARD OLD his *Cup* extends,
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies. 510
 A *Feather* shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain, and Principle is fled,

REMARKS.

V. 507. — *his Cup, which whoso tastes, &c.*] The *Cup* of *Self-love*, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of Friendship, Honour, and Service of God or our Country; all sacrificed to Vain glory, Court-worship, or yet meaner considerations of Lucre and brutal Pleasures. From ver. 510 to 518:

IMITATIONS.

V. 507. — *Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends, Sire, &c.*] Homer of the *Nepenthe* Odyss. 4.

Αὐτὶς ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον.
 Νηπενθέες τ' ἀχολόβης, κακῶν ἐπιληθόν ἀπάλλων.

Lost is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing,
 And nothing left but Homage to a King.
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs, 515
 To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs :
 But, sad example ! never to escape
 Their Infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
 Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild ; 520

REMARKS.

V. 513. *Lost is his God, his Country —*
And nothing left but Homage to a King.] So strange
 as this must seem to a mere English reader, the fa-
 mous Monf. de la Bruyere declares it to be the cha-
 racter of every good Subject in a Monarchy : “Where
 “ (says he) *there is no such thing as Love of our*
 “ *Country*, the Interest, the Glory and Service of
 “ the Prince supply its place. [*De la Republique*,
 Chap. 10.]

V. 518. — *still keep the human shape.*] The Ef-
 fects of the Magus's Cup are just contrary to that of
 Circe. Hers took away the shape and left the hu-
 man mind : This takes away the mind, and leaves
 the human shape.

V. 519. *But she, good Goddess, &c.*] The only
 comfort such people can receive, must be owing in
 some shape or other to Dulness ; which makes some
 stupid, others impudent ; gives Self-conceit to some,
 upon the Flatteries of their dependants ; presents the
 false colours of Interest to others ; and busies or a-
 muses the rest with idle pleasures or sensuality, till
 they become easy under any infamy. Each of which
 species is here shadowed under Allegorical persons.

And strait succeeded, leaving Shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind Self-conceit to some her Glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes,
But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.

625

On others, Int'rest her gay Liv'ry flings,
Int'rest, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And as she turns, the Colours fall or rise.

530

Others, the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.

Great Shades of **, **, **, *

535

Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing;
How quick Ambition hasts to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On some, a Priest succinct in Amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!

540

Beeves at his touch at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn.
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.

REMARKS.

V. 543. *The board with specious Miracles he loads,*
&c.] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa*

Another (for in all what one can shine?) 545
Explains the *Seve* and *Verdeur* of each Vine.

R E M A R K S.

Miracula (says he) according to Horace, were the monstrous Fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers: and the fair Pigeon turned to a Toad is similar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty: why Pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a Table? Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: Yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before-mention'd, of dissolving whole Oxen and Boars into a small vial of Jelly; nay it is expressly said, that *all Flesh is nothing in his sight*. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feast of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious Rite, as it is said to be done by a *Priest*, and soon after called a *Sacrifice*, and attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with *Libation* and *Song*.

SCRIBL.

This good Scholiast, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of French Cookery, and that particularly *Pigeons en Crapeau* were a common dish.

V. 545. *Seve* and *Verdeur*.] French Terms relating to Wines. St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a Noblemen in disgrace, advising him to seek Comfort in a good Table, and particularly to be attentive to these Qualities in his Champagne.

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone ?
 Thy Treusses, Perigord ! thy Hams, Bayone !
 With French libation and Italian strain,
 Wash Bla* white, and expiate Ha**'s stain. 550
 Knight lifts the head, for what are crowds undone
 To three essential Partridges in one ?
 Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
 Contending Princes take them in their Coach.
 Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees, 555
 The Queen confers her *Titles and Degrees*.

REMARKS.

V. 550. *Bla—, Ha—.*] Names of Gamesters.
Bla— is a black man. Robert Knight Cashier of
 the South-sea Company, who fled from England in
 1720 — These lived with the utmost magnificence
 at Paris, and kept open Tables, frequented by per-
 sons of the first Quality of England, and even by
 Princes of the Blood of France.

V. 550. *Bla— &c.*] The former Note of *Bla—*
 is a black man, is very absurd. The Manuscript here
 is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have
 been, *Wash Blackmoors white*, alluding to a known
 Proverb. SCRIPT.

V. 552. — *three essential Partridges in one.*] i. e.
 Two dissolved into Quintessence to make sauce for the
 third. The honour of this invention belongs to France,
 yet has it been excell'd by our native luxury, an hun-
 dred squab Turkeys being not unfrequently deposited
 in one Pye in the Bishopric of Durham: to which
 our Author alludes in ver. 583 of this work.

Her Children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court,
 Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertu profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
 Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
 Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
 Or issue Members of an Annual feast.
 Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.

565

The last, not least in honour or applause,
 His and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.

Then, blessing all, Go Children of my care!
 To Practise now from Theory repair.
 All my Commands are easy, short, and full:
 My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

570

REMARKS.

V. 561. *Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race.*] The Poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent Race: He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before propos'd) to a *Humming Bird* or *Cockle*, yet at worst they may be made Free-Masons; where *Taciturnity* is the only essential Qualification, as it was one of the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras.

V. 566. — *a Gregorian, or a Gormogon.*] A sort of Lay-brothers, *Slip* from the root of the Free-Masons.

Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne:
 This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.
 The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace : 575
 With Staff and Pumps the Marquis lead the Race ;
 From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer, the Sun :
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line : 580

REMARKS.

V. 574. *each Privilege your own, &c.*] This speech of Dulness to her Sons at parting may possibly fall short of the Readers expectation ; who may imagine the Goddess might give them a Charge of more consequence, and from such a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practise of something more extraordinary, than to personate Running-Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

But if it be well consider'd, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally render'd harmless by their Inability ; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design ; the Poet I am persuaded will be justified, and it will be allow'd that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them. And we see he was aware of this, by singling out one or two who aimed higher, but at the same time tells us that their aims must be unsuccessful.

V. 580. *Arachne's subtile line.*] This is one of the most ingenious employments assign'd, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of wea-

Book IV. The DUNCIAD.

21
57

The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball:
The Bishop stowe (Pontific Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye:
The sturdy Squire to Gallick masters stoop. 585
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Strive to my list to add one Monarch more — 590

Perhaps —



— but here she stops, she yawns, she nods;
What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?

REMARKS.

ving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, see the Phil. Transact.

V. 558. *Teach Kings to fiddle.*] An ancient amusement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; tho' despis'd by Themistocles, who was a Republican. — *Make Senates dance,* either after their Prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

V. 596. *What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?* This verse is truly Homerial; as is the conclusion of the Action, where the great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the

Churches and Chappels instantly it reach'd,
St. James's first, for leaden G-lb--t preach'd :

REMARKS.

Odyssey. — It may indeed seem a very singular Epitafis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a *Great Yawn* ; but we must consider it as the *Yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner : Nor without Authority, the incomparable *Spencer* having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a *Roar*, but then it is the *Roar of a Lion*, the effects whereof are described as the Catastrophe of his Poem.

V. 597. *Churches and Chappels, &c.*] The Progress of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the Churches and Chappels ; then catcheth the Schools, where tho' the boys be unwilling to sleep, the Masters are not : Next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddesses : Then the Convocation, which, tho' extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot : Even the House of Commons, justly called the Sense of the Nation, is *lost* (that is to say *suspended*) during the Yawn (far be it from our Author to suggest it could be lost any longer !) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the Kingdom, to such a degree, that *Palinurus* himself (tho' as incapable of sleeping as *Jupiter*) yet noddeth for a moment : the effect of which, tho' ever so momentary, could not but cause some Relaxation, for the time, in all publick affairs.

SCRIBL.

Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
 The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak : 600
 Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn Unison went round;
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm;
 The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept; 605
 Unfinish'd Treaties in such Office slept;
 And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
 And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none) 610
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose Heads she partly, whose compleatly blest;
 What Charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
 The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull;

R E M A R K S.

[V. 606, 608.] These Verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State-Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else wrote the Argument prefixt to this Book, where it is said, "the effects of the Yawn" "are not unfelt at this day."

[V. 610. *Wits have short Memories.*] This seems to be the reason why the Poets, whenever they give us a Catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who as the Daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad 2.

Πληθὺν δ' ἔκ αὖ ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι, καὶ ὀνομαῖαι,
 Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μῦσαι Διὸς ἀργίοχοιο
 θυγατέρες, μνησαίαντο ———

Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
Wrong. — 615.

Oh sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!
While the great Mother bids Britannia sleep,
And pours her Spirit o'er the Land and Deep.

* * * * *

Deest FINIS.

And Virgil, *Æn.* 7.

*Et meministis enim Divæ, & memorare potestis:
Ad nos vix tenui famæ perlabitur aura.*

But our Poet had yet another reason for putting this
Task upon the Muse; that all besides being asleep,
she only could relate what passed. SCRIB.

V. 618. — *o'er the Land and Deep*]. It was
but necessary to say this expressly, that Britain
might not be suppos'd to be in this condition a-
lone, but in company with all other Nations of
Europe. It had been a monstrous impropriety, in
such a case, to have made any Nation keep awake,
except *France*. But our Poet, tho' a Satyrst, is an
utter enemy to all National Reflections. SCRIB.

It is impossible to lament sufficiently the loss of the
rest of this Poem, just at the opening of so fair a
scene as the Invocation seems to promise. It is to
be hoped however that the Poet compleated it, and
that it will not be lost to posterity, if we may trust to
a Hint given in one of his Satires,

*Publish the present Age, but where the Text
Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next.*

APPENDIX:

Containing some Pieces relating to
the *Dunciad*, which were omitted
in the Appendix to the former
Volume.

APPENDIX:

Containing some Pieces relating to
the Dance, which were omitted
in the Appendix to the former
Volume.

APPENDIX.

Of the POET LAUREAT.

November 19, 1729.

THE time of the Election of a Poet Laureat being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the *Rites* and *Ceremonies* anciently used at that Solemnity, and only discontinued thro' the Neglect and Degeneracy of later times. These we have extracted from an Historian of undoubted credit, a reverend Bishop, the learned *Paulus Jovius*; and are the same that were practised under the Pontificate of *Leo X*, the great Restorer of Learning.

As we now see an *Age* and a *Court*, that for the Encouragement of Poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope; we cannot but wish a Restoration of all its *Honours* to *Poesy*; the rather, since there are so many parallel Circumstances in the *Person* who was then honoured with the Laurel, and in *him*, who (in all Probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my Author exactly as I find it in the 82d Chapter of his *Elogia Vir. Doct.* He begins with

with the Character of the Poet himself, who was the Original and Father of all Laureates, and called *Camille*. He was a plain Country-man of *Apulia*, (whether a *Shepherd* or *Treſſer*, is not material.) " This Man (ſays *Jovius*) excited by the Fame of " the great Encouragement given to Poets at Court, " and the high Honour in which they were held, " came to the City, bringing with him a ſtrange " kind of Lyre in his hand, and at leaſt ſome " twenty thouſand of *Verſes*. All the Wits and Cri- " tics of the Court ſtock'd about him, delighted " to ſee a *Cleon*, with a ruddy, hale complexion, " and in his own long hair, ſo top-full of Poetry; " and at the firſt ſight of him, all agreed, he was " born to be *Poet Laureate*. * He had a moſt " hearty welcome, in an *Iſland* of the River *Tyber* " (an agreeable Place, not unlike our *Richmond*) " where he was firſt made to eat and drink plenti- " fully, and to repeat his *Verſes* to every body. Then " they adorn'd him with a new and elegant Gar- " land, compoſed of *Vine-Leaves*, *Laurel*, and *Bras-* " *fica* (a ſort of Cabbage) ſo compoſed, ſays my " Author, emblematically, *ut tam ſales, quàm le-* " *pidà ejus Temulentia Braſſicæ remedio cobibenda* " *notaretur*. He was then ſaluted by common Con- " ſent with the Title of *Archi-poeta*, or *Arch-poet*, " in the ſtile of thoſe days, in ours, *Poet Laureate*. " This Honour the poor Man received with the " moſt ſenſible Demonſtrations of Joy, his Eyes

* *Appulus prepingui vultu alacer, & prolixè co-*
matus, omnino dignus feſta Laurea videretur.

" drunk with Tears of Gladness. * Next, the public Acclamation was express'd in a *Canticle*, which is yet transmitted to us, as follows ;

" Salve, brassica virens corona,
 " Et Lauro, Archipoeta, pampinoque,
 " Dignus principis auribus Leonis.

All hail, Arch-poet without Peer !
 Vine, Bay or Cabbage, fit to wear,
 And worthy of thy *Prince's Ear*.

From hence, he was conducted in Pomp to the *Capitol* of *Rome*, mounted on an *Elephant*, thro' the Shouts of the Populace, where the Ceremony ended.

The Historian tells us farther, " That at his Introduction to *Leo*, he not only poured forth Verses innumerable, like a Torrent, but also *sung* them with open Mouth. Nor was he only once introduced, or on *stated* Days (like our Laureates) but made a *Companion* to his *Master*, and entertained as one of the Instruments of his *most elegant Pleasures*. When the Prince was at Table, the Poet had his place at the Window. When the Prince had † half eaten his Meat, he gave with his own hands the rest to the Poet. When the Poet drank, it was out of the Prince's own Flaggon, insomuch (says the Historian) that thro' so great good eating and drinking, he contracted a most terrible Gout." Sorry I am to relate

* Manantibus præ gaudio oculis.

† Semefis opsoniis.

what follows, but that I cannot leave my Reader's Curiosity unsatisfy'd in the Catastrophe of this extraordinary Man. To use my Author's words, which are remarkable, *mortuo Leone, profligatisque Poetis, &c.* "When *Leo* dy'd, and Poets were no more" (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if Poets then were *profligate*) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his Country, where, oppress'd with *old Age* and *Want*, he miserably perish'd in a *common Hospital*.

We see from this sad Conclusion (which may be of Example to the Poets of our Time) that it were happier to meet with no Encouragement at all, to remain at the Plough, or other lawful Occupation, than to be elevated above their Condition, and taken out of the common Means of Life, without a surer Support than the *temporary*, or at best, *mortal Favours* of the Great. It was doubtless for this Consideration, that when the Royal Bounty was lately extended to a *Rural Genius*, Care was taken to *settle it upon him for Life*. And it hath been the Practice of our Princes, never to remove from the Station of Poet Laureate any Man who hath once been chosen, tho' never so much greater Genius's might arise in his Time. A noble Instance, how much the *Charity* of our Monarchs hath exceeded their *Love of Fame*.

To come now to the Intent of this Paper. We have here the whole ancient *Ceremonial* of the Laureate. In the first place the Crown is to be mix'd with *Vine-leaves*, as the Vine is the Plant of *Bacchus*, and full as essential to the Honour, as the *Butt of Sack* to the Salary.

Secondly, the *Brassica* must be made use of, as a Qualifier of the former. It seems the *Cabbage* was anciently

anciently accounted a Remedy for *Drunkenness* (a power the *French* now ascribe to the Onion, and stile a Soupe made of it, *Soupe d'Ivrogne*.) I would recommend a large Mixture of the *Brassica*, if Mr. *Dennis* be chosen; but if Mr. *Tibbald* it is not so necessary, unless the Cabbage be supposed to signify the same thing with respect to *Poets* as to *Taylors*, viz. *stealing*. I should judge it not amiss to add another Plant to this Garland, to wit, *Ivy*: Not only as it anciently belonged to Poets in general; but as it is emblematical of the three Virtues of a Court Poet in particular; it is *creeping*, *dirty*, and *dangling*.

In the next place, a *Canticle* must be composed and sung in Laud and Praise of the new Poet. If Mr. *CIBBER* be laureated, it is my Opinion no Man can *write* this but himself: And no Man, I am sure, can *sing* it so affectingly. But what this *Canticle* should be, either in his or the other Candidates case, I shall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a *publick Show*, or *Entry* of the Poet: To settle the Order or Procession of which, Mr. *Anstis* and Mr. *DENNIS* ought to have a Conference. I apprehend here two Difficulties: One, of procuring an *Elephant*; the other of teaching the Poet to ride him: Therefore I should imagine the next Animal in Size or Dignity would do best; either a *Mule* or a large *Ass*; particularly if that noble one could be had, whose Portraiture makes so great an Ornament of the *Dunciad*, and which (unless I am misinform'd) is yet in the Park of a Nobleman near this City: ——— Unless Mr.

CIBBER

CIBBER be the Man; who may, with great Propriety and Beauty, ride on a *Dragon*, if he goes by Land; or, if he choose the Water, upon one of his own *Swans* from *Cæsar in Egypt*.

We have spoken sufficiently of the *Ceremony*; let us now speak of the *Qualifications* and *Privileges* of the Laureate. First, we see he must be able to make *Verses extempore*, and to pour forth innumerable, if requir'd: In this, I doubt Mr. TIBBALD. Secondly, he ought to *sing*, and intrepidly, *patula ore*: Here, I confess the excellency of Mr. CIBBER. Thirdly, he ought to carry a *Lyre* about with him: If a large one be thought too cumbersome, a small one may be contrived to hang about the Neck, like an Order; and be very much a *Grace* to the Person. Fourthly, he ought to have a good *Stomach*, to eat and drink whatever his Betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high Office as in many others, no puny Constitution can discharge it. I do not think CIBBER or TIBBALD here so happy: but rather a stanch, vigorous, season'd, and dry old Gentleman, whom I have in my Eye.

I could also wish at this Juncture, such a Person as is truly jealous of the *Honour* and *Dignity* of Poetry; no Joker, or Trifler; but a Bard in good earnest; nay, not amiss, if a Critick, and the better if a little obstinate. For when we consider what great Privileges have been lost from this Office (as we see from the fore-cited authentick Record of *Jovius*) namely those of *feeding* from the *Prince's Table*, *drinking* out of his own *Flaggon*, becoming even his *Domestick* and *Companion*; it requires a Man warm and resolute, to be able to claim and obtain the restoring of these high Honours. I have cause to fear the most of the Candidates would be liable, either through the
Influence

Influence of Ministers, or for Rewards or Favours, to give up the glorious Rights of the Laureate: Yet I am not without Hopes, there is *one*, from whom a *serious* and *steady* Assertion of these Privileges may be expected; and, if there be such a one, I must do him the Justice to say, it is Mr. DENNIS, the worthy President of our Society.

*A Letter from Dr. John Moore to
Mr. J—— M——.*

Pestle and Morter in Abchurch-lane, Jan. 27.

Cousin Jemmey,

NOtwithstanding you have so far estranged your selfe from our Family, not only to have left off all dutiful Correspondence with me, your own Uncle by the Father's Side; but to have renounced our very *Name*, and taken to you a *strange* one; yet in your present miserable Circumstances I hold my selfe bound, both as a Christian and a Physician, to take some Care of you. I find by the publick Advertisements, that you are absented from your Relations, for fear of falling into the Hands of a Doctor. I should not blame you Cousen *M—re*, for flying from any Doctor, had I heard of you at my Shop in *Abchurch-lane*: And truly I have cause to take it ill of our Kinsfolke, that they should think of putting you to any Physician but my selfe. Pray, what can that Doctor do, but like all the rest of his Fraternity) trust in his Learning, and so forth? Now I, Cousin

Jamet,

James, trust not in vain Learning, but in the Blessing of God. Is any Man so blind, so irreligious, so unchristian, as to deny that I, with the Blessing of God, can do a thousand times more than any Gradual Physitian without it? Cosen, Cosen, you are in the wrong to speak (as I hear you do in one of your Poems) of a *Quack*, as a Term of Reproach. Your Uncle is no Gradual Physitian, no more was your great Uncle a gradual Physitian, but of a more elevated rank than to mount by *Degrees*. Was his *Stage*, do you think, of less Dignity than that on which you have of late (as conspicuously, tho' not so fortunately) attempted to shew your selfe? Was he ever his own *Merry Andrew*, as you are; and delivered the Bills with his own hands, as you were notoriously known to do but t'other day? Call *Quack* as you please, Cosen; but let me tell you, I am as well reputed in my Lane, as you at your Tavern, by Men as *well Berne*, of as *bonest Character*, and better *Pay-Masters* than your selfe. Every Morning I rise, I rise worth ten thousand pounds, Cosen: And had you thought fit not to misbehave towards me, you might have had more good Uncles than one.

But to wave this Matter, as I was saying, I was sorry to hear Cosen *James* was fallen into this Condition. I ever feared it would come to this, since he herded with Wits. Indeed when he bragg'd of his Wits and his Verses, I hop'd in God it was not true. I remember from his Youth he was given to *Fibbing* and *telling Tales* about *Verses*. When your Father and I join'd to put you to a great School, I remember that when they put you upon Verse-fying, you had so little Talents for it, that you got the lesser Boys to do your Exercise: And once,
when

when you brought Dr. *Freind* about three hundred Verses, he was so surprized at your Parts, that he asked how long you was making them? You answered, in *half an Hour*, and stood to it like a Gentleman. 'Tis but t'other Day, that a Wit, as I hear, gave you the Use of half a dozen Verses; and, Cosen, you printed (or suffered to be printed without gain-saying it) that he had *stolen* them from you. Truly, Cosen, when a Man steals, he should steal more wisely; and not break one of God's Commandments for such Trash as Poetry. Besides, let me tell you, Cosen, that of all the Things that can be stolen, great or small, the hardest to steal are the Gifts of God: And you might as well pretend to steal my Skill in Worms and Physic, if I may *parvis componere magna*, as that Man's Knack in Poetry. From all this, I was still in Hopes you would never come to be a Poet, but live with your Relations, fear God, and study the Law. Alas! alas! all these Hopes were over, when you writ a Play, and called your selfe Esq; both at a time. You did not indeed all at once seem to forget your *Father*, or the *House* of your *Father*; for you made the Hero of your said Play a *Footman*. But from that Hour, Cosen, you never vouchsafed to look into *Abchurch-lane*.

Alas! poor Cosen *James*, I am sorry you have still so much Occasion for the Uncle you despise. Few, very few, I might say none but my self, can give you Redress. Does the *Cork-street* Doctor pretend a Cure? First let him know the Cause. I defy him and all his Fraternity to tell me that: But, for once, I will tell them: The Cause is *Worms*. Let them not deceive you, Cosen, it is a *Worm*, a large *Worm*, nay perhaps, many *Worms*, in your Head,

F

Let

Let not this seem incredible : For though you cannot see a Head, you have seen a Nut, where one large Maggot has eaten up the whole Kernel. Just such is your Case ; and whoever tells you otherwise, flatters you. It is well known, this is my Province, nor can any other Doctor contest it with me : Witness a Thousand undeniable Certificates, which would be too long for this Paper, though probably some of them may be found at the End of it : As what Paper is not full of them ? It shall suffice to mention my unparalelled Success, when several Years ago I was sent for to worme the Wits at *But-ton's* ; many of which received the greatest Benefit by me, though they were so ungrateful as to deny it themselves ; but Justice was done me, for the Worms were owned by all their Relations and Acquaintance.

The Brain, Cosen, is divided into three Cells or Ventricles : One for the Imagination ; one for the Memory ; and one for the Judgement. See the great *Spanish* Physitian Don *John de Huarte's Examen des Ingenios*. The last of these Ventricles I shall not speak of in your Case, it being certainly too small to be of any Consequence in the Cure : And that for which you your self never had any Concern. The Ventricle for Memory, I am willing to think, may be larger, notwithstanding the Proverb, that Wits have a small one ; because another Proverb says, *it ought to be large* in People possessed of *another* of your *Qualifications*. But the third Ventricle, I will venture to say, is totally filled with Worms ; or perhaps, as I said before, one huge Worm, which for want of a Name, I must call a *Dragon Conundrum*.

Having

Having now shewn you the Cause, I will give you some Hints for a Cure. You may apprehend the Severity of a Stranger; trust therefore the Tender-ness of a Kinsman, who will first attempt the most gentle Remedies, and not proceed to the more powerful, unless compelled by the Obstinacy of the Worm or your selfe.

First, we shall use *Fumigation*, to open the Pores, and soften and facilitate the Passages. I know my Cosen's Constitution perfectly well: No Man is more easily put into a Sweat by the mere Sight or holding up of a Sword or Cudgel. Perhaps this Effect may proceed even to *Liquifaction*: In which Case, we may be content with the gentler Remedy *Fumigation*, without the rougher of *Fustigation*. Certain Maladies are driven away onely by Frights. Thus Agues have trembled and fled; and many Wits, thought desperate, have been recovered in like Manner.

Some, I know, have been of Opinion, that the Morfure of these Worms, which we call Wit-worms, are much of the Nature of the biting of *Mad-dogs*; which makes the Afflicted follow their Noses directly, and snap at every Body they meet. This sort are known by one Effect they usually produce in Patients, in *Females* especially, and in Men most like *Females* (of which my Cosen *James* appears to be, by his very Make and Formation) This Symptom is a *foul Mouth*, and loud *Barking*: For this I would use *Immerfion* (than which nothing is observed to be more prevalent) either sudden and total, like the *Cold-Bath*, as in the Case of the Dogs; or gentle and gradual, as in the convenient Vehicle of the Ducking-stool, in the Case of the Ladies.

There is also another external Application, which seems, indeed, the directest of all, and makes the nearest Approach to the Seat of the Disorder, I mean by the *Nose*. Moderate Tweaking may precede; then a little twisting; or finally, when the Part is used to handling, if need be, tugging and pulling pretty lustily: In a Word, using all means, either to sollicit, or force the Worm from its usurped Throne the Head, to restore it to its true Masters, the Reason and Understanding.

But, dear Cosen, to conclude; if any of the gentler ways will do, far be it from us to proceed either to this, or *Fustigation*, the last of Remedies. If you will repair to my Shop at the Pestle and Mortar, and fairly surrender your self, well and good: If not (for all your old Trick of changing your Lodging and absconding) which is as well known to me as your other Behaviour, I believe, Cosen, you will one Day be caught, and have some, if not all, of these Remedies adhibited to you. So wishing you to think in time, I remain

Your Loving Uncle,

J. M—RE.

A Let-

*A Letter from Mr. J—— M——
to Dr. J—— M——, in Answer
to his.*

Honoured Uncle,

YOU shall soon see (as you desire) your prodigall Nephew, at the Pestle and Mortar: For I am not one of these Fools, whom the Wiseman sayeth, you may bray in a Mortar, and never mend. I assure you, I have been against Wit, ever since I found Wit was against me. I hate it so much, that I am now prosecuting a Bookseller for but three lines that have only the shadow of it. If any Wit jokes upon me, I seek my remedy (like an honest, plain, unwriting man) at Law. What think you, Uncle? Is this setting up for a *Wit*? I have now, for these six weeks, had the * *Lye* given me publickly, without reply. What think you, Uncle? Is this setting up for a *Gentleman*? Judge you at which End of the Town I am fittest to live. Two of your good Wishes for me are fulfilled, I can now live *only* with my *own Relations*, and I *study the Law*: As to your third Wish, *of my fearing God*, I cannot yet bring my self to it; for I have still some Bravery left toward *him*.

Ever Honour'd Uncle, I do, fairly as a Gentleman, justly as a Paymaster, and conscientiously as a

* In the Journal of May 28, 1730.

Christian, protest ; that I never writ five lines together of my own, Verse or Prose, in my life. That Play you charge me with, had every Word of the Wit in it taken from the Mouths of other People, and set down in my Table-book before their Faces, You might as well call the Shillings and Pence in a Charity Dish the Man's that *carries it about*. It is true, that for a short Time I was thought a Scholar in Town, a Wit at the University, and a Poet at the Temple ; but no visible distinction now remains to me, besides that of a *Free Mason*. No Creature, I assure you, Uncle, now thinks me a Wit. Even my Friends at *Charing Cross*, to whom I give Wine and a Supper to call me so for a Night, deny it the next Morning, when they have nothing to eat but their words. It is true, I did go with some thing against P-PE, (or rather (like a Puppy) *carried it to and fro in my Mouth*) these two years and upwards ; but, believe me, tho' I was *about* and *about him* so long, 'twas but as the *Irishman* was about Court ; I got *nothing* by it, and had not got *that* neither but for my good Friend Mr. WELSTED.

I am, ever honoured Uncle,

Your, &c.

Sir,

HAVING observed that some Persons ignorant of the institution, and unacquainted with the customs of our Society, have been offended with an Epigram

Epigram printed in one of our Journals; I think it incumbent upon me to inform them of their mistake. In that Epigram it was said of some of the most eminent Members of the Dunciad,

*These shou'd be pump'd, duck'd, pillory'd, pist, and
sh—t on;*

which is so far from being any reflection on those worthy Gentlemen, that it is a very great compliment paid them. These are the greatest marks of honour that can be given to any of our Members: and some have had the happiness to enjoy them every one. This may seem strange to some prejudiced persons, who think all customs barbarous and absurd, which are opposite to their own. These, no doubt, are ignorant that musick and dancing, which were thought fine accomplishments amongst the *Grecians*, and are in the same esteem with us, were look'd on as mean, and below the character of a Gentleman, by the *Romans*. They, perhaps, have not been informed, that *Beef-eater* is now a term of reproach in some countries, tho' it is a very honourable name in *England*. They have not read, that, by a Law of *Lycurgus*, the young virgins were to box stark naked in the presence of the young men, to wear off a kind of sheepishness in some sort natural to that sex; which exercise would be esteemed very immodest by those who judge of the manners of other ages and nations by their own. But I shall endeavour to shew, that these very marks of honour in our Society, which are generally looked upon as signs of the utmost contempt, have been all, or most of them received, in some time or place, as emblems of honour. A very eminent person says

of himself, in the *Dunciad*, by way of commendation,

— *what street, what lane but knows*
Our purgings, PUMPINGS, blanketings, and blows ?

In the same Poem, our President, and several of our greatest Members, are represented diving into *Fleet-ditch*, and he bears the greatest honour who gives the deepest, and brings up most mud. The Pillory has had a Hymn composed in its honour, by a very eminent Writer ; and amongst Printers it is so universally esteemed, that he who has had the honour to mount that Rostrum, is always looked upon amongst them, as a Graduate in their profession. Nay, the new method in the Royal Society of *passing* their Candidates, is something analogous to a Pillory, and is by many called by that name.

To *piss upon a man* is, in this country, commonly thought a term of reproach : but amongst the unprejudiced *Hottentots*, it is a mark of the highest honour. That honest people, unbiassed by the manners of other nations, follow the dictates of pure, untainted nature. *Kolben*, in his account of *the present state of the Cape of Good Hope*, as I find it translated by the ingenious Mr. MEDLEY, is very copious on this subject. When a youth is to be received into the Society of the men, this Author tells us, that he is first *roundly bedawb'd with fat and soot* ; after which, the oldest man amongst them *pisses with great vigour all over him*. He stops his waters for some time before, in order to provide him with a plentiful stream. The youth, who can hardly be seen under the smoking inundation, receives the streams with an eager care ; and making furrows, with his
long

long nails, in the fat upon his body, rubs and mixes the piss with the fat with the quickest action. When the old fellow has dribbled upon him to the last drop, he felicitates him upon the honour that is done him, and crowns him with many benedictions, which he utters aloud. Then is the young fellow solemnly proclaimed a Man. The same kind of honour is made a part of their nuptial ceremony, which is performed after the following manner. "The men squat themselves on the ground in a Ring; all but the Bridegroom, who squats in the Center. The women, at some distance, squat themselves likewise in a Ring, about the Bride, who likewise squats. Then the Priest, or Master of the religious Ceremonies enters the ring of the men; and coming up to the Bridegroom, pisses upon him a little. The Bridegroom receives the stream with a great deal of eagerness, rubbing it briskly all over his body, and with his long nails (which, as I have observed already, the *Hottentots* never cut) making several deep scratches in his skin, that the *Piss* may penetrate and soak the farther. The Priest then goes to the ring of women, and coming up to the Bride, pisses a little upon her; and she receives and rubs the *Piss* upon her body, with as much eagerness as the Bridegroom. Then goes the Priest again to the Bridegroom; and having pissed a little more upon him, away he goes again to the Bride, and again pisses upon her. And so he goes from one to the other, till he has exhausted upon them all his stock of urine, uttering, from time to time, to each of them one of the following good wishes, till he has pronounced the whole upon them both *May you live long and happy together*, or, as we say, *I wish you*
 "much

“ much joy. May you have a son before the end of
 “ the Year. May this son live to be a comfort to you
 “ in your old age. May this son prove a man of cou-
 “ rage and a good Huntsman.

But beside these Ceremonies, our Author tells us, that the *Hottentots* have an order of Knighthood, into which such are received as have singly encounter'd and slain a Lion, Tiger, Leopard, Elephant, Rhinoceros, or Elk. Into this honourable order he is received in the following manner.

“ The Hero, upon his return to the *Kraal*, of
 “ which he is an Inhabitant, goes directly to his own
 “ Hut ; where he squats himself down. He has not
 “ sat long at home before he is visited by an old *Hottentot*, deputed by the men of the *Kraal* to make
 “ him their compliments of thanks and congratula-
 “ tions upon so beneficial and so illustrious an At-
 “ chievement ; and to acquaint him, that the men of
 “ the *Kraal* expect him immediately to receive from
 “ 'em the honours that are due to his Heroick Worth.
 “ The compliments and the notice being delivered,
 “ the Hero rises, and follows the old *Hottentot* out of
 “ the Hut to the middle of the *Kraal*, where all the
 “ men wait for him. He there squats himself down
 “ on a Mat, spread on purpose for him : and all the
 “ men squat round him. Joy sits flush in the faces
 “ of the Hero and his friends ; Envy contracts the
 “ features of others : when up to the Hero marches
 “ the old Deputy, and pisses upon him from head
 “ to foot ; pronouncing over him certain terms,
 “ which I could never get the meaning of. If the
 “ Deputy is in the Hero's interest (and it generally
 “ happens that he is) he lays him under a deluge of
 “ Urine ; the more piss the more honour. The He-
 “ ro having before-hand made furrows, with his long
 “ nails,

“ nails, in the fat upon his body, rubs the *piss*, as it
 “ falls, upon his face, and every other part, with the
 “ greatest eagerness. This done, the Deputy lights
 “ a pipe of Tobacco or *Dacca*, and having taken
 “ two or three whiffs, gives it to any one he pleases
 “ in the Circle; who having taken the same solace,
 “ gives it to another; and so goes round till only
 “ ashes remain in the pipe; when the Deputy takes
 “ it again, and shakes the ashes out upon the Hero;
 “ who still remains squat in the middle of the Circle,
 “ and rubs the ashes into the fat upon his body, with
 “ as eager action as he did the *piss*; and would not,
 “ if he could help it, lose the least particle of them.
 “ Then is the Hero installed *Knight*, as I call him, of
 “ the Order of the *Piss*. The Circle rises: He fol-
 “ lows the example. Every one congratulates him
 “ upon the high honour he has received; and thanks
 “ him for the signal service he has done his Country.
 “ The Hero looks upon himself as rais'd to the *Acme*
 “ of humane glory; and by the bladder of the Beast
 “ he has killed, which he wears fastned to his hair, or
 “ by the majestic port he assumes ever after, demands
 “ the homage and respects which the *Hottentot* custom
 “ assigns to his high Dignity, and which all his coun-
 “ trymen constantly pay him.

This ceremony of *pissing* is again performed at their
 Funerals. The men and women at such times, it
 seems, sit in two separate circles before the hut of
 the deceased. “ Then, says our Author, step two
 “ old fellows, friends or relations of the deceased,
 “ one into the circle of the men, the other into
 “ the circle of the women, and *piss* each upon all
 “ the company he has about him; pissing a little
 “ upon one, then a little upon another, quite round
 “ the circle, till his whole stock of urine is exhaust-
 “ ed.

" ed. And all the company receives it with the
 " greatest eagerness and veneration. I took abun-
 " dance of pains, continues our Author, and spent
 " not a little money to come at the meaning of this,
 " and, at length, obtained the following explana-
 " tions from several *Hottentots*. 'Tis done, said they,
 " by way of compliment. The old Men thereby return
 " thanks to the Circles, for the honour they have done
 " the deceased in accompanying his Corpse to the grave.
 " How! said I; the thanks on this occasion run in
 " a stream of urine! Pray, why so? why is not
 " the compliment delivered by word of mouth? *We*
 " know not that, they replied. All we can say is,
 " that such is the Custom; and 'tis always taken for a
 " compliment of thanks. Strange! the different no-
 " tions different nations entertain of the same thing!
 " the force, the witchcraft of Custom! To be *piss'd*
 " upon in Europe is a Token of the highest Contempt;
 " To be *piss'd* on in the *Hottentot* Countries is a token
 " of the highest honour. *Pissing* is the glory of all
 " the *Hottentot* Ceremonies.

Thus far this ingenious Author; who has by this
 time, I hope, persuaded the reader, that there is no
 disgrace in being piss upon: since it is held in so much
 honour by whole nations; and I hope, for the future,
 that such learned and ingenious Authors, as shall have
 those honours conferred on them by our Society,
 will be universally treated with the more respect on
 that very account.

But moreover we are not without some instances
 of these honours even in our own Country. I well
 remember that about twenty years ago, a certain
 Reverend Divine was in such esteem, that not on-
 ly Fans and other implements of the fair sex, but
 even

even vulgar Utensils, nay, *Chamber-pots* were adorned with his picture. This surely would never have been done, if it had not been looked upon as a token of respect to *poist upon him*.

ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon Occasion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad*, some have been willing to suggest, as if they look'd upon them as an *Abuse*: we can do no less than own it is our Opinion, that to call these Gentlemen *bad Authors*, is no sort of *Abuse*, but a great *Truth*. We cannot alter this Opinion without some Reason; but we promise to do it, in respect to every Person who thinks it an Injury to be represented as no *Wit* or *Poet*, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really such, from any *three of his own Companions* in the *Dunciad*, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the Number.

ERRATA in the DUNCIAD.

- Page 36. Line 10. for *Mummius* he was so fond of,
read *Mummies*.
Page 59, ver. 606. for *such* Office, r. *each* Office—
-

ERRATA in the MEMOIRS.

- Page 6. Line 4. for *form'd* read *found*.
Page 12. l. 13. for *mixture* r. *moisture*.
Page 13. last line but three, put the Asterisk * at the
word *Magi*.
Page 26. l. 15. r. *voracious*: l. 17. r. *hebetate*.
Page 32. l. 1. for *invented*, r. *be invented*. *ibid.* l. 3.
for *who*, r. *as they*.
Page 39. last line but one, r. *expence of those*.
Page 43. l. 4. for *Henley*, r. *Horneck*: a Mistake for
another scurrillous Scribler of a Weekly Paper at
that time, call'd the *Higb German Doctor*.
Page 48. l. 17. after *fighting*, add *situs*; *stage, ubi, &c.*
Page 90. l. ult. for *Pbæmenon*, r. *Pbænomenon*.
Page 121. l. 25. dele of.
-

MEMOIRS

Of the Extraordinary
LIFE, WORKS, and DISCOVERIES
O F
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

Written by
Dr. *ARBUTHNOT* and Mr. *POPE.*

MEMOIRS

Of the Eminent

Life, Works, and Discoveries

MARTINUS SCRIBERUS

By D. ARBUTHNOT and M. FORD

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

READER.

IN the Reign of Queen ANNE, (which notwithstanding those happy Times which succeeded, every Englishman may yet remember) thou may'st possibly gentle Reader, have seen a certain Venerable Person, who frequented the out-side of the Palace of St. James's, and who by the Gravity of his Deportment and Habit, was generally taken for a decay'd Gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage was long, his complexion olive, his brows black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his nose inclin'd to Aquiline, his beard neglected and mixt with grey. All this contributed to spread a solemn Melancholy over his countenance; Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere: His wig was as black and smooth as the plumes of a Raven, and hung as strait as the hair of a River-God rising from the water. His cloak so compleatly covered his whole

4 INTRODUCTION to the READER.

person, that whether or no he had any other cloaths, (much less any linnen) under it, I shall not say ; but his sword appear'd a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff, that it seem'd grown to his Thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question without blessing himself first. Those who never saw a *Jesuit*, took him for one, and others believed him some *High Priest of the Jews*.

But under this 'macerated form was conceal'd a Mind replete with Science, burning with a Zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honest conscious pride, mixt with a scorn of doing or suffering the least thing beneath the dignity of a Philosopher. Accordingly he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of Charity, at the same time that his body seem'd but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber, up four pair of stairs, where he regularly paid for what he had, when he eat or drank, and was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declin'd speaking to any one, except the Queen, or her first Minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications: but what were his real business or intentions, were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's Ministry ; who either out of Jealousy or Envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad,

INTRODUCTION to the READER. 5

abroad, as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known Laws of the Kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time, alone, in the Mall, it happen'd that a Manuscript dropt from under his cloak, which my servant pick'd up and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contain'd many most profound secrets, in an unusual Turn of reasoning and style. The first leaf was inscribed with these words, *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis Martini Scribleri*. The Book was of so wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a desire I conceiv'd that moment to be acquainted with the Author, who I clearly perceiv'd was some great Philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavour'd to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the Piazza, by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him, in the Latin tongue, that his Manuscript was fallen into my hands; and saying this, I presented it to him with great encomiums of the learned Author. Hereupon he took me aside, survey'd me over with a fixt attention, and opening the clasps of the Parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprize) in English, as follows.

“ Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace
 “ thee as my best friend; for either the Stars and
 “ my art are deceitful, or the destin'd time is come

A 3

“ which

6 INTRODUCTION to the READER.

“ which is to manifest Martinus Scriblerus to the
“ world, and thou the person chosen by fate for this
“ great task. What thou seest in me is a body ex-
“ hausted in the labours of the mind : I have form’d
“ in Dame Nature not indeed an unkind, but a very
“ coy Mistress : Watchful nights, anxious days, slender
“ meals, and endless labours, must be the lot of all
“ who pursue her through her labyrinths and mēanders.
“ My first vital air I drew in this island (a
“ soil fruitful of Philosophers) but my complexion
“ is become adust, and my body arid, by visiting
“ lands (as the Poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes*. I
“ have, through my whole life, passed under several
“ disguises and unknown names, to screen myself
“ from the envy and malice which mankind expresses
“ against those who are possessed of the *Arcanum*
“ *Magnum*. But at present I am forc’d to take Sanctuary
“ in the British Court, to avoid the Revenge
“ of a cruel Spaniard, who has pursued me almost
“ through the whole terraqueous globe. Being
“ about four years ago in the City of Madrid in
“ quest of natural knowledge, I was informed
“ of a Lady who was marked with a Pomegranate
“ upon the inside of her right Thigh, which
“ blossom’d, and, as it were, seem’d to ripen in the
“ due season. Forthwith was I possessed with an insatiable
“ curiosity to view this wonderful Phænomenon ; I felt the ardour of my passion encrease as
the

INTRODUCTION to the READER. 7

“ the season advanced, till in the month of July I
“ could no longer contain. I bribed her Duenna,
“ was admitted to the Bath, saw her undress’d, and
“ the wonder display’d. This was soon after disco-
“ vered by the husband, who finding some letters I
“ had writ to the Duenna, containing expressions of
“ a doubtful meaning, suspected me of a crime most
“ alien from the Purity of my Thoughts : inconti-
“ nently I left Madrid by the advice of friends; have
“ been pursued, dogg’d, and way-laid through sever-
“ al Nations, and even now scarce think myself se-
“ cure within the sacred walls of this Palace. It has
“ been my good fortune to have seen all the grand
“ Phænomena of Nature, excepting an Earthquake,
“ which I waited for in Naples three years in vain ;
“ and now impatiently expect, by means of some
“ British Ship (whose Colours no Spaniard dares
“ approach) a safe passage to Jamaica, for that bene-
“ fit. To thee, my Friend, whom fate has marked
“ for my Historiographer, I leave these my Com-
“ mentaries, and others of my works. No more —
“ be faithful and impartial.”

He soon after performed his promise, and left me the Commentaries, giving me also further lights by many conferences; when he was unfortunately snatch’d away (as I before hinted) by the jealousy of the Queen’s Ministry.

8 INTRODUCTION to the READER.

Tho' I was thus to my eternal grief depriv'd of his conversation, he for some years continued his Correspondence, and communicated to me many of his Projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his Writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, stragling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him was on occasion of his Strictures on the Dunciad : since when, several years being elaps'd, I have reason to believe this excellent person is either dead, or carry'd by his vehement thirst of knowledge into some remote, or perhaps undiscover'd Region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delay'd, to reveal what I know of this Prodigy of Science, and to give the history of his life, and his extensive merits to mankind ; in which I dare promise the Reader, that whenever he begins to think any one Chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.

THE

THE
MEMOIRS
OF
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of the Parentage and Family of Scriblerus, how he was begot, what Care was taken of him before he was born, and what Prodigies attended his Birth.

IN the City of Munster in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by Profession an Antiquary; who among all his invaluable Curiosities esteemed none more highly than a skin of the true Pergamenian Parchment, which hung at the upper-end of his hall. On this was curiously traced the ancient Pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their Alliances and collateral Relations (among which were reckon'd

Albertus

Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus Bombastus, and the famous Scaligers, anciently Princes of Verona) deduced even from the Times of the Elder Pliny to *Cornelius Scriblerus*: For such was the name of this venerable Personage, whose glory it was, that by the singular Virtue of the Women not one had a Head of a different Cast from his family.

His wife was a Lady of singular beauty, whom not for that reason only he espoused, but because she was undoubted daughter either of the great *Scriverius*, or of *Gaspar Barthius*. It happen'd on a time, that the said Gaspar made a visit to Scriverius at *Harlem*, taking with him a comely Lady of his acquaintance, who was skilful in the Greek Tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became so enamour'd, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his Mistress. I am not ignorant of what * *Columesius* affirms, that the learned Barthius was not so overtaken but he perceiv'd it; and in Revenge suffer'd this unfortunate Gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the issue of that Amour) was a living proof of the falsehood of this Report. Dr. Cornelius was further induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforesaid Lady, the mother of his wife, was re-

* *Columesius* relates this from *Isaac Vossius*, in his *Opuscul.* Page 102.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. II

lated to Cardan on the father's side, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's : Besides which, her Ancestors had been professors of Physick, Astrology, or Chymistry, in German Universities, from generation to generation.

With this fair gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable Union for about ten years ; but this our sober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a constant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy in that Heaven had not blessed them with any issue. This was the utmost grief to the good man ; especially considering the many precautions and methods he had used to procure that Blessing : for he never had colabitation with his spouse, but he ponder'd on the Rules of the Ancients, for the generation of Children of Wit. He ordered his diet according to the prescription of Galen, confining himself and his wife for almost the whole first year to *Goat's Milk and Honey. It unfortunately befel her, when she was about four months gone with child, to long for somewhat which that author inveighs against, as prejudicial to the understanding of the Infant : This her husband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childless, than become the Parent of a

* Galen Lib. de Cibis boni & mali succi. cap. 3.

Fool. His wife miscarried ; but as the Abortion proved only a female Fætus, he comforted himself, that had it arrived to perfection, it would not have answer'd his account ; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned sex. However he disdained not to treasure up the Embryo in a Vial, among the curiosities of his family.

Having discovered that Galen's prescription could not determine the sex, he forthwith betook himself to Aristotle. Accordingly he with-held the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the South ; this * Author asserting that the grossness and mixture of the southerly winds occasions the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was West, a wind on which that great Philosopher bestowed the Encomiums of father of the earth, breath of the Elysian Fields, and other glorious Elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the Semina out of which animals are produced, are Animalcula ready formed and received in with the air. †

Under these regulations, his wife, to his unexpressible joy, grew pregnant a second time ; and, what was no small addition to his happiness, he just then

* Arist. 14. Sect. Prob. 5.

† Religion of Nature, Sect. 5. Parag. 15. Pag. 89.

came to the possession of a considerable Estate by the death of her Uncle, a wealthy Jew, who resided at London. This made it necessary for him to take a journey into England ; nor would the care of his posterity let him suffer his wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great riches ; and on the other, how to educate his child. He had already determin'd to set apart several Annual Sums, for the recovery of *Manuscripts*, the effossion of *Coins*, the procuring of *Mummies*, and all those curious discoveries by which he hoped to become (as himself was wont to say) a second *Peireskius*. He had already chalked out all possible schemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was so far prepar'd for the worst that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had composed two Treatises of Education ; the one he called *A Daughter's Mirrour*, and the other *A Son's Monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a Consort of Musick once in twenty four hours, according to the Custom of the Magi : and that on a * particular day, he was observed to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the first of April, the birth-day of the great *Basiliius Valentinus*.

* Ramsey's Cyrus.

14 The MEMOIRS of

The Truth of this, and every preceding Fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I must be so ingenuous as to own, that the Accounts are not so certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the first, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his Age: as to the second, I only remember to have heard him say, that he first saw the light in St. Giles's Parish. But in the investigation of this point, fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day as I was passing by the *Seven Dials*, I over-heard a dispute concerning the place of Nativity of a great Astrologer, which each man alledged to have been in his own street. The circumstances of the time, and the description of the person, made me imagine it might be that prodigious man whose life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely considered their several arguments, and finding them of equal weight, I quieted my curiosity with this natural conclusion; that he was born in some point common to all the seven streets; which must be that on which the Column is now erected: And it is with infinite pleasure that I since find my Conjecture confirmed by the following passage in the Codicil of Mr. Neale's Will.

I appoint my Executors to engrave the following Inscription on the Column in the Center of the seven Streets which I erected.

LOC.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 15

LOC. NAT. INCLUT. PHILOS.
M A R. S C R.

But Mr. Neal's Order was never performed, because the Executors durst not administer.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with Prodigies : He himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dream'd she was brought to bed of a huge *Ink-born*, out of which issued several large streams of Ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify, that the child should prove a very Voluminous writer. Likewise a **Crab-tree* that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of Crabs : This sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostick of the acuteness of his Wit. A great swarm of †*Wasps* play'd round his Cradle, without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides ; this seem'd a certain presage of the effects of his Satire. A Dung-hill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with *Musbrooms*. This some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works : but the father was of another opinion.

* Virgil's Laurel Donat. † Plato, Lucan, &c.

But

But what was of all most wonderful, was a thing that seemed a monstrous *Foal*, which just then dropt through the sky-light, near his wife's apartment: It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a Swan, and was concluding his Son would be a Poet: but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters, and that it was indeed a Paper kite, which had broke its leath by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the Art Military; his belly was filled with Physick; his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers; the several Nodes of his voluminous Tail were diversify'd with several branches of Science. Here the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of Logick, a knot of Metaphysick, a knot of Casuistry, a knot of Polemical Divinity, and a knot of Common Law, with a *Laniborn* of *Jacob Behmen*.

There went a Report in the family, that as soon as he was born he uttered the voice of nine several Animals, he cry'd like a Calf, bleated like a Sheep, chatter'd like a Mag-pye, grunted like a Hog, neighed like a Foal, croaked like a Raven, mewed like a Cat, gabbled like a Goose, and bray'd like an Ass: And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two Owls, which came down the chimney. His father greatly rejoiced at all these signs,

signs, which betoken'd the variety of his Eloquence, and the extent of his Learning; but he was more particularly pleas'd with the last, as it nearly resembled what happen'd at the birth of * Homer.

CHAP. II.

The Speech of Cornelius over his Son, at the Hour of his Birth.

NO sooner was the cry of the Infant heard, but the old gentleman rush'd into the Room, and snatching it in his arms, examin'd every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleas'd to find, that the Child had the Wart of Cicero, the wry Neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them shorter than the other like Agefilaus. The good Cornelius also hoped he would come to stammer like Demosthenes, in order to be as eloquent, and in time arrive at many other Defects of famous men. He held the child so long, that the Midwife grown out of all patience, snatch'd it from his arms, in order to swaddle it. Swaddle him?

* Vid. Eustat. in Odyss. l. 12. ex Alex. Paphio. & Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. pag. 45.

(quoth he) far be it from me to submit to such a pernicious Custom ! Is not my son a Man ? and is not Man the Lord of the Universe ? Is it thus you use this Monarch at his first arrival in his dominions, to manacle and shackle him hand and foot ? Is this what you call to be free-born ? If you have no regard to his natural Liberty, at least have some to his natural Facalties. Behold with what agility he spreadeth his Toes, and moveth them with as great variety as his Fingers ! a power, which in the small circle of a year may be totally abolish'd, by the enormous confinement of shoes and stockings. His Ears (which other animals turn with great advantage towards the sonorous object) may, by the ministry of some accursed Nurse, for ever lye flat and immoveable. Not so the Ancients ; they could move them at pleasure, and accordingly are often describ'd *arrectis auribus*. What a devil (quoth the Midwife) would you have your son move his Ears like a Drill ? Yes fool (said he) why should he not have the perfection of a Drill, or of any other animal ? Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her husband's discourse, at last broke out to this purpose. My dear, I have had many disputes with you upon this subject before I was a month gone : We have but one child, and can not afford to throw him away upon experiments. I'll have my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home, and always under my own eye. All the Gossips
with

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 19

with one voice, cry'd Ay, ay ; but Cornelius broke out in this manner, What, bred at home ? Have I taken all this pains for a creature that is to lead the inglorious life of a Cabage, to suck the nutritious juices from the spot where he was first planted ? No ; to perambulate this terraqueous Globe is too small a Range ; were it permitted, he should at least make the Tour of the whole System of the Sun : Let other Mortals pore upon Maps, and swallow the legends of lying travellers ; the son of Cornelius shall make his own Legs his Compasses ; with those he shall measure Continents, Islands, Capes, Bays, Streights and Isthmus's. He shall himself take the altitude of the highest mountains, from the pick of Derby to the pick of Tenariff ; when he has visited the top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucasus, and the famous Ararat where Noah's ark first moor'd, he may take a slight view of the snowy Riphæans ; nor would I have him neglect Athos and Olympus, renowned for poetical fictions. Those that vomit fire will deserve a more particular attention : I will therefore have him observe with great care Vesuvius, Ætna, the burning mountain of Java, but chiefly Hecla the greatest rarity in the Northern Regions. Then he may likewise contemplate the wonders of the Mephitick cave. When he has div'd into the bowels of the earth and survey'd the works of Nature under ground, and instructed himself fully in the nature of Vulcanos,

earthquakes, thunders, tempests and hurricanes, I hope he will bless the world with a more exact survey of the deserts of Arabia and Tartary, than as yet we are able to obtain. Then will I have him cross the seven great Gulphs, measure the currents in the fifteen famous Streights, and search for those fountains of fresh water that are at the bottom of the Ocean — At these last words Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling: the description of this terrible Scene made too violent an impression upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a strong Hysterick Fit; which might have prov'd dangerous, if Cornelius had not been push'd out of the room by the united force of the women.

CHAP. III.

Shewing what befel the Doctor's Son and his Shield, on the Day of the Christ'ning.

THE day of the Christ'ning being come, and the house filled with Gossips, the Levity of whose Conversation suited but ill with the Gravity of Dr. Cornelius: he cast about how to pass this day more agreeably to his Character; that is to say, not without some *Profitable Conference*, nor wholly without observance of some *Ancient Custom*.

He

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 21

He remembred to have read in Theocritus, that the Cradle of Hercules was a Shield ; and being possess'd of an antique Buckler which he held as a most inestimable Relick, he determin'd to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the Study, to be shewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this Shield, had caus'd him formerly to compile a Dissertation concerning it, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the Rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this Treatise, and a moderate supper, he propos'd to entertain his Guests ; tho' he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his Son's *Nativity*.

He therefore took the Buckler out of a Case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust) and entrusted it to his House-maid, with orders when the company was come to lay the Child carefully in it, cover'd with a mantle of blue Satin.

The Guests were no sooner seated, but they entred into a warm Debate about the *Triclinium* and the manner of *Decubitus* of the Ancients, which Cornelius brok off in this manner.

This day, my Friends, I purpose to exhibit my son before you ; a Child not wholly unwor-

thy of Inspection, as he is descended from a Race of Virtuosi. Let the Physiognomists examine his features ; let the Chirographists behold his Palm ; but above all let us consult for the calculation of his Nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my Ancient Shield, so famous thro' the Universities of Europe. You all know how I purchas'd that invaluable piece of antiquity at the great (though indeed inadequate) expence of all the Plate of our family ; how happily I carry'd it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insipidus !

Here he stopp'd his Speech, upon sight of the Maid, who enter'd the room with the Child : He took it in his arms and proceeded.

Behold then my Child, but first behold the Shield : Behold this Rust, — or rather let me call it this precious *Ærugo*, — Behold this beautiful varnish of Time, — this venerable Verdure of so many Ages —

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the Mantle, which cover'd it, inch by inch ; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole the Tremor became universal : The Shield and the Infant both dropt to the ground, and he had only
strength

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 23

strength enough to cry out, O God! my Shield, my Shield!

The Truth was, the Maid (extreamly concern'd for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her Andirons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the Guests stood astonished, the infant squawl'd, the maid ran in, snatch'd it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's Room, and told what had happen'd. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the Gossips, where they found the Doctor in a Trance: Hungary water, Hartshorn, and the confus'd noise of shrill voices, at length awaken'd him: when opening his eyes, and casting 'em round on the company, he saw the Shield in the hands of the House-maid; O Woman! Woman! he cry'd (and snatch'd it violently from her) was it to thy ignorance that this Relick owes its ruin? where, where is the beautiful Crust that cover'd thee so long? where those Traces of *Time*, and *Fingers* as it were of *Antiquity*? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? all this the rude hand of an ignorant woman hath done away! The curious *Prominence* at the belly of that figure, which some taking for the *Cuspis* of a sword, denominated a *Roman Soldier*; others accounting the *In-*

Signia Virilia, pronounc'd to be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shown to be the *head* of a *Nail*. Oh my Shield! my Shield! well may I say with Horace, *non bene relicta Parmula*.

The Gossips not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the Child had no hurt? and cry'd, Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench I warrant her; what a Stirr the man makes about a *Bason*, that an hour ago, before this labour was bestowed upon it, a Country Barber would not have hung at his shop door: A *Bason*! (cry'd another) no such matter, 'tis nothing but a paultry old *Sconce*, with the nozzle broke off. The learned Gentlemen who till now had stood speechless, hereupon looking narrowly on the Shield, declar'd their Assent to this opinion; and desir'd Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a *Sconce* and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the Doctor into such a violent Fit of passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed; where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

CHAP. IV.

*Of the Suction and Nutrition of the Great
Scriblerus in his Infancy, and of the first
Rudiments of his Learning.*

AS soon as Cornelius awaked, he rais'd himself on his elbow, and casting his eye on Mrs. Scriblerus, spoke as follows. "Wisely was it said by Homer, that in the Cellar of Jupiter are two barrels, the one of good, the other of evil, which he never bestows on mortals separately, but constantly mingles them together. Thus at the same time hath Heav'n blest me with the birth of a Son; and afflicted me with the scouring of my Shield: yet let us not repine at his Dispensations, who gives and who takes away; but rather join in prayer, that the Rust of Antiquity which he hath been pleas'd to take from my Shield, may be added to my Son; and that so much of it as it is my purpose he shall contract in his Education, may never be destroy'd by any Modern Polishing."

He cou'd no longer bear the sight of the Shield, but order'd it should be remov'd for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchased by Dr.

Woodward, who, by the assistance of Mr. Kemp in-

crusted

crusted it with a new Rust, and is the same, a Cut of which hath been engraved, and exhibited to the great Contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the Suction of his child. Seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the Mother, or the Nurse, concerning the nature of Aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other which he judg'd prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef, and as she stretch'd her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect. Had'st thou read the Ancients, Nurse, thou would'st prefer the welfare of the infant which thou nourishest, to the indulging of an irregular and voracious appetite. Beef, it is true, may confer a Robustness on the limbs of my son, but will habitate and clogg his Intellectuals. While he spoke this, the Nurse look'd upon him with much anger, and now and then cast a wishful eye upon the Beef — Passion (continu'd the Doctor, still holding the dish) throws the mind into too violent a fermentation; it is a kind of fever of the soul, or as Horace expresses it, a *Short Madness*. Consider Woman, that this day's Suction of my son may cause him to imbibe many ungovernable passions, and in a manner spoil him for the temper of a Philosopher. Romulus by sucking a Wolf, became of a fierce and savage disposition; and were I to breed
some

some Ottoman Emperor or Founder of a Military Commonwealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous Appetite — What, interrupted the Nurse, Beef spoil the understanding? that's fine indeed — how then could our Parson preach as he does upon Beef, and Pudding too, if you go to that? Don't tell me of your Ancients, had not you almost kill'd the poor babe with a dish of Daemonial black Broth? — Lacedemonian black Broth, thou would'st say, (reply'd Cornelius) but I cannot allow the surfeit to have been occasioned by that diet, since it was recommended by the Divine Lycurgus. No, Nurse, thou must certainly have eaten some meats of ill digestion the day before, and that was the real cause of his disorder. Consider Woman, the different Temperaments of different Nations: What makes the English Phlegmatick and melancholy but Beef? What renders the Welch so hot and cholerick, but cheese and Leeks? The French derive their levity from their Soups, Frogs, and Mushrooms? I would not let my Son dine like an Italian, lest, like an Italian, he should be jealous and revengeful: The warm and solid diet of Spain may be more beneficial, as it induces him with a profound Gravity, but at the same time he might suck in with their food their intolerable Vice of Pride. Therefore Nurse, in short, I hold it requisite to deny you at present, not only Beef, but likewise whatsoever any of those Nations eat. During all this speech,

the

the Nurse remain'd pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would she touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old Gentleman observing, order'd that the Child, to avoid the risque of imbibing ill humours, should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed (according to a Prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer) with Butter mixt with Honey: This indeed gave the Child a great looseness, but he was not concern'd at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenced by the improvements of his understanding. From thenceforth he insist'd every day upon a particular Diet to be observed by the Nurse, under which having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *Paps* of a Sow with Pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct Insult upon her Sex and Calling.

Four years of young Martin's life pass'd away in squabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus consider'd it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of Religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his Catechism: But Cornelius look'd upon this as a tedious way of Instruction, and therefore employ'd his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *Puppet-show*, of the Creation of the world, where the Child with
exceeding

exceeding delight gain'd a notion of the History of the Bible. His first rudiments in profane history were acquired by seeing of *Raree-shows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the Princes of Europe; in short, the old Gentleman so contriv'd it, to make every thing he did contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very drefs. He invented for him a Geographical fuit of cloaths, which might give him some hints of that Science, and likewise some knowledge of the Commerce of different Nations. He had a French Hat with an African Feather, Holland Shirts and Flanders Lace, English Cloth lin'd with Indian Silk, his Gloves were Italian, and his Shoes Spanish: He was made to observe this, and daily catechis'd thereupon, which his Father was wont to call travelling at home. He never gave him a Fig or an Orange but he obliged him to give an account from what Country it came. In Natural history he was much assisted by his Curiosity in *Sign-Posts*, insomuch that he hath often confess'd that he owed to them the knowledge of many Creatures which he never found since in any Author, such as White Lions, Golden Dragons, &c. He once thought the same of Green Men, but had since found them mention'd by Kercherus, and verity'd in the History of William of Newbury. *

* Gul. Neubrig. Book 3. Ch. 27.

His disposition to the Mathematicks was discover'd very early, by his drawing parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal Angles, so as to form the whole Superficies into Squares. But in the midst of all these Improvements a stop was put to his learning the *Alphabet*, nor would he let him proceed to Letter D, till he could truly and distinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the Child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was also oblig'd to delay his learning to write, having turn'd away the Writing Master because he knew nothing of Fabius's Waxen Tables.

Cornelius having read and seriously weigh'd the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated, and resolving in some degree to exceed them, resolv'd he should speak and learn nothing but the learned Languages, and especially the Greek; in which he constantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what most conduced to his easy attainment of this Language, was his love of Gingerbread; which his father observing, caused it to be stamp'd with the Letters of the Greek Alphabet; and the child the very first day eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the rest, he attain'd so great a Proficiency therein, that Gro-

novius ingenuously confesses he durst not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old ; and at fourteen he composed a Tragedy in the same language, as the younger * Pliny had done before him.

He learn'd the Oriental Languages of Erpenius, who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early a Relish for the Eastern way of writing, that even at this time he composed in imitation of it the *Thousand and One Arabian Tales*, and also the *Persian Tales*, which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambrose Phillips. In this work of his childhood, he was not a little assisted by the historical Traditions of his Nurse.

CHAP. V.

A Dissertation upon Play-things.

Here follow the Instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the Plays and Play-things to be used by his son Martin.

“ *Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy against *Hunger*. Sophocles says of Palamedes, that

* Plin. Epist. Lib. 7.

“invented Dice to serve sometimes instead of a dinner. It is therefore wisely contrived by Nature, that children who have the keenest *Appetites* are most addicted to *Plays*. From the same cause, and from the unprejudic'd and incorrupt simplicity of the minds of children, it proceeds, that the *Plays* of the Ancient Children are preserv'd more entire than any other of the Customs. In this matter I would recommend to all who have any concern in my Son's Education, that they deviate not in the least from the primitive and simple Antiquity.

“To speak first of the *Whistle*, as it is the first of all Play-things. I will have it exactly to correspond with the ancient *Fistula*, and accordingly to be compos'd, *septem paribus disjuncta cicutis*.

“I heartily wish a diligent search may be made after the true *Crepitaculum* or *Rattle* of the Ancients, for that (as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of opinion) kept the children from breaking Earthen Ware. The *China* Cups in these days are not at all the safer for the modern *Rattles*; which is an evident proof how far their *Crepitacula* exceeded ours.

“I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a *Top*, till I am better informed whether the *Trochus* which was recommended by *Cato* be really our present *Top*, or rather the *Hoop* which the boys drive with a stick. Neither *Cross* and *Pile*, nor *Ducks*
and

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 33

“ and *Drakes* are quite so ancient as *Handy-dandy*,
 “ tho’ Macrobius and St. Augustine take notice of the
 “ first, and Minutius Fœlix describes the latter ; but
 “ *Handy-dandy* is mention’d by Aristotle, Plato, and
 “ Aristophanes.

“ The Play which the Italians call *Cinque*, and the
 “ French *Mourre*, is extreamly ancient ; it was play’d
 “ at by *Hymen* and *Cupid*, and term’d by the Latins,
 “ *digitis micare*.

“ Julius Pollux describes the *Omilla* or *Chuck-far-*
 “ *thing* : ‘Tho’ some will have our modern *Chuck-*
 “ *farthing* to be nearer the *Aphetinda* of the Ancients.
 “ He also mentions the *Basilinda*, or *King I am* ;
 “ and *Myinda*, or *Hoopers-Hide*.

“ But the *Chytindra* described by the same Author
 “ is certainly not our *Hot-cockles* ; for that was by
 “ pinching and not by striking : tho’ there are good
 “ authors who affirm the *Rathapygismus* to be yet
 “ nearer the modern *Hot-cockles*. My son Martin
 “ may use either of them indifferently, they being
 “ equally antique.

“ *Building of Houses*, and *Riding upon Sticks* have
 “ been used by children in all ages, *Ædificare casas*,
 “ *equitare in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt
 “ whether the *Riding upon Sticks* did not come into
 “ use after the age of the *Centaurs*.

“ There is one Play which shows the gravity of
 “ ancient Education, called the *Acinetinda*, in which

C

“ children

“ children contended who could longest *stand still*.
 “ This we have suffer'd to perish entirely ; and if
 “ I might be allowed to guess, it was certainly first
 “ lost among the *French*.

“ I will permit my Son to play at *Apodidiafcinda*,
 “ which can be no other than our *Pufs in a Corner*.

“ Julius Pollux in his ninth book speaks of the
 “ *Maloloutbe* or the *Kite* ; but I question whether
 “ the *Kite* of Antiquity was the same with ours :
 “ And tho' the *Οἰστρονομία* or *Quail-fighting* is
 “ what is most taken notice of, they had doubtless
 “ *Cock-matches* also, as is evident from certain ancient
 “ *Gems and Relievo's*.

“ In a word, let my son Martin disport himself at
 “ any Game truly Antique, except one, which was
 “ invented by a people among the Thracians, who
 “ hung up one of their Companions in a Rope, and
 “ gave him a Knife to cut himself down ; which if
 “ he fail'd in, he was suffer'd to hang till he was
 “ dead ; and this was only reckon'd a sort of a joke.
 “ I am utterly against this, as barbarous and cruel.

“ I cannot conclude without taking notice of the
 “ beauty of the *Greek* names, whose Etymology ac-
 “ quaint us with the nature of the sports ; and how
 “ infinitely, both in sense and sound, they excel our
 “ barbarous names of Plays.

Notwithstanding the foregoing Injunctions of Dr.
 Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the Child the
 use

use of some few modern Play-things ; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences. For example, he found that *Marbles* taught him *Percussion* and the *Laws of Motion* ; *Nut-crackers* the use of the *Lever* ; *Swinging* on the ends of a Board, the *Balance* ; *Bottle-screws*, the *Vice* ; *Whirligigs* the *Axis* and *Peritrochia* ; *Bird-cages* the *Pully* ; and *Tops* the *Centrifugal* motion.

Others of his sports were farther carry'd to improve his tender soul even in *Virtue* and *Morality* : We shall only instance in one of the most useful and instructive, *Bob-cherry* : which teaches at once two noble *Virtues*, *Patience* and *Constancy* ; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappointment.

Besides all these, he taught him, as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of *Stealing*, according to the Custom of the *Lacædemonians* ; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practis'd it to the day of his death.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Gymnaſticks, in what Exercises Martin was educated; ſomething concerning Muſick, and what ſort of a Man his Uncle was.

NOR was Cornelius leſs careful in adhering to the rules of the pureſt Antiquity, in relation to the *Exerciſes* of his Son. He was ſtrip't, powder'd, and anointed, but not conſtantly bath'd, which occaſioned many heavy complaints of the Landreſs about dirtying his linnen. When he play'd at Quoits, he was allowed his Breeches and Stockings; becauſe the *Diſcoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The Mother often contended for modern Sports and common Cuſtoms, but this was his conſtant reply, “ Let a Daughter be the
“ care of her Mother, but the Education of a Son
“ ſhould be the delight of his Father.

It was about this time, he heard to his exceeding content, that the *Harpattuſus* of the Ancients was yet in uſe in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *Hurling*. He was ſenſible the common *Foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exerciſe; and thought it neceſſary to ſend Martin into the Weſt, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the *Gymnaſticks*. The poor boy was ſo unfortunate

nate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius look'd upon but as a slight ailment, and promis'd his mother he would instantly cure it. He slit a green Reed, and cast the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the Reed to the disjointed place, pronounced these words, *Daries, daries, astataries, dis-sunapiter, बात, hanat, बात, ista, pista pista, domi abo, damnaustra*. But finding to his no small astonishment, that this had no effect, in five days he condescended to have it set by a modern Surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from exposing her Son to the like dangerous Exercises for the future, propos'd to send for a Dancing-Master, and to have him taught the Minuet and Rigadoon: Dancing (quoth Cornelius) I much approve, for *Socrates* said the best Dancers were the best Warriors; but not those species of Dancing which you mention: They are certainly Corruptions of the Comic and Satyrical Dance, which were utterly disliked by the founder Ancients. Martin shall learn the Tragic Dance only, and I will send over all Europe till I find an Antiquary able to instruct him in the *Saltatio Pyrrhica*. † Scaliger,

Pliny Hist. Nat. lib. 17. in fine. Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inferere non equidem serio ausim, quanquam a Catone prodita.

Vid. Cato de re rust. c. 160.

† Scalig. Poetic. l. 1. c. 9. *Hanc saltationem Pyrrhica*
C 3 from

from whom my son is lineally descended, boasts to have perform'd this warlike Dance in the presence of the Emperor to the great admiration of all Germany. What would he say, could he look down and see one of his Posterity so ignorant, as not to know the least step of that noble kind of *Saltation*?

The poor Lady was at last enur'd to bear all these things with a laudable patience, 'till one day her husband was seiz'd with a new thought. He had met with a saying, that *Spleen*, *Garter* and *Girdle* are the three impediments to the *Cursus*. Therefore Pliny (lib. xi. cap. 37.) says, that such as excel in that exercise have their *Spleen* cauteriz'd. My son (quoth Cornelius) runs but heavily; therefore I will have this operation performed upon him immediately. Moreover it will cure that immoderate laughter to which I perceive he is addicted: For laughter (as the same Author hath it) [ibid.] is caused by the bigness of the Spleen. This design was no sooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and instantly sent to his brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haste to her husband.

Albertus was a discreet man, sober in his opinions, clear of Pedantry, and knowing enough both in Books

rbicam, nos sæpe & diu, jussu Bonifacii patris, coram Divo Maximiliano, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, representavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut Thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit.

and

and in the world, to preserve a due regard for whatever was useful or excellent, whether ancient or modern : If he had not always the authority, he had at least the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies. It was well he came speedily, or Martin could not have boasted that he had the entire Quota of his Viscera. What does it signify (quoth Albertus) whether my Nephew excels in the *Cursus* or not ? Speed is often a symptom of Cowardice, witness Hares and Deer —. Do not forget Achilles (quoth Cornelius) I know that Running has been condemn'd by the proud Spartans, as useless in war ; and yet Demosthenes could say, *α νη ο πύχων ε παλιν μαχήσειται*, a thought which the English Hudibras has well rendered,

*For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.*

That's true (quoth Albertus) but pray consider on the other side that animals * spleen'd grow extremely salacious, an experiment well known in dogs. Cornelius was struck with this, and reply'd gravely, If it be so I will defer the operation, for I will not encrease the powers of my son's body at the expence of his mind. I am indeed disappointed in most

* Blackmore's Essay on Spleen.

of my projects, and fear I must sit down at last contented with such methods of Education as modern barbarity affords. Happy had it been for us all, had we liv'd in the age of Augustus! Then my son might have heard the Philosophers dispute in the Porticos of the Palestra, and the same time form'd his body and understanding. It's true (reply'd Albertus) we have no *exedra* for the Philosophers, adjoining to our Tennis-Courts; but there are Ale-houses where he will hear very notable argumentations. Tho' we come not up to the Ancients in the *Tragic dance*, we excel them in the *κρυβισικη*, or the art of *Tumbling*. The Ancients would have beat us at *Quoits*, but not so much at the *Faculum* or *pitching the Bar*. The * *Pugilatus* is in as great perfection in England as in old Rome, and the *Cornish-bug* in the † *Luētus* is equal to the *volutatoria* of the Ancients. You cou'd not (answer'd Cornelius) have produc'd a more unlucky instance of modern folly and barbarity, than what you say of the *Faculum*. ‡ The Cretians wisely forbid their servants Gymnasticks, as well as Arms; and yet your modern Footmen exercise themselves daily in the *Faculum* at the corner of *Hyde-Park*, whilst their enervated Lords are softly lolling in their chariots (a species of Veçtitation seldom us'd amongst the Ancients,

* Fifty-Cuffs.

† Wrestling.

‡ Aristot. politic. lib. 2. cap. 3.

except

except by old men.) You say well (quoth Albertus) and we have several other kinds of Vestitation unknown to the ancients, particularly flying chariots, where the people may have the benefit of this exercise at the small expence of a farthing. But suppose (which I readily grant) that the ancients excel'd us almost in every thing, yet why this singularity? your son must take up with such masters as the present age affords; we have Dancing-masters, Writing-masters, and Musick-masters.

The bare mentioning of *Musick* threw Cornelius into a passion. How can you dignify (quoth he) this modern fiddling with the name of Musick? Will any of your best Hautboys encounter a Wolf now-a-days, with no other arms but their instruments, as did that ancient piper Pythocaris? Have ever wild Boars, Elephants, Deer, Dolphins, Whales, or Turbotts, shew'd the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern Scrapers, all which have been as it were tam'd and humaniz'd by ancient Musicians? Does not *Ælian tell us how the Lybian Mares were excited to horsing by Musick? (which ought in truth to be a caution to modest women against frequenting Operas; and consider, brother you are brought to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of the Ladies, or the power of your Musick)

* Ælian Hist. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44.

Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our Morals? Is it not from the loss of ancient Musick, by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the Virtues? else might we turn Newgate into a College of Dorian Musicians, who should teach moral Virtues to those people. Whence comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my Sclatrical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure, by the melody of the Pipe. All this was well known to the Ancients, as * Theophrastus assures us, (whence † Cælius calls it *loca dolentia decantare*) only indeed some small remains of this skill is preserved in the cure of the Tarantula. Did not ‖ Pythagoras stop a company of drunken Bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the Pipe to the sober Spondæus? and yet your modern Musicians want art to defend their windows from common Nickers. It is well known that when the Lacedemonian Mob were up, they ‡ commonly sent for a Lesbian Musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing; yet I don't believe that the Pope's whole Band of Musick, though the best of this age, could keep his Holiness's Image from being burnt on a fifth of November. Nor

* Athenæus, lib. xiv. † Lib. de sanitat. tuenda cap. 2.
‖ Quintilian lib. i. cap. 10. ‡ Suidas in Timotheo.

would Terpander himself (reply'd Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of effect; nor both of 'em together bring Henley to common civility. That's a gross mistake (said Cornelius very warmly) and to prove it so, I have here a small Lyra of my own; fram'd, strung, and tun'd after the ancient manner; and I can play some fragments of Lesbian Tunes, and I wish I were to try them upon the most passionate creatures alive— You never had a better opportunity (says Albertus) for yonder are two Apple-women scolding, and just ready to uncoil one another. With that Cornelius, undress'd as he was, jumps out into his Balcony, his Lyra in his hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a stocking upon his head, and a waistcoat of Murrey-colour'd sattin upon his body. He touch'd his Lyra with a very unusual sort of an Harpegiatura, nor were his hopes frustrated; the odd Equipage, the uncouth Instrument, the strangeness of the Man and of the Musick, drew the ears and eyes of the whole Mob that were got about the two female Champions, and at last the Combatants themselves. They all approach'd the Balcony in as close attention, as Orpheus's first Audience of Cattle, or that of an Italian Opera when some favourite air is just awaken'd. This sudden effect of his Musick encouraged him mightily, and it was observ'd he never touch'd his Lyre in such a truly

truly chromatick and enharmonick manner as upon that occasion. The mob laugh'd, fung, jump'd, and danc'd, and us'd many odd gestures, all which he judg'd to be caused by his various strains and modulations. Mark (quoth he) in this, the power of the Ionian, in that, you see the effect of the Æolian. But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and throw stones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of Triumph in the world: Brother (said he) do you observe I have mixed unawares too much of the *Phrygian*; I might change it to the *Lydian*, and soften their riotous tempers: But it is enough: learn from this Sample to speak with veneration of ancient Musick. If this Lyre in my unskilful hands can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or a Terpander? Having said this, he retir'd with the utmost Exultation in himself, and Contempt of his Brother; and, it is said, behav'd that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient Tibicen to calm his Temper.

C H A P. VII.

Rhetorick, Logick, and Metaphysicks.

Cornelius having (as hath been said) many ways been disappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily Forces of his son, thought it now high time to apply to the Culture of his Internal faculties. He judg'd it proper in the first place to instruct him in *Rhetorick*. But herein we shall not need to give the Reader any account of his wonderful progress, since it is already known to the learned world by his Treatise on this subject; I mean the admirable Discourse *Περὶ Βαθῶς*, which he wrote at this time, but conceal'd from his Father, knowing his extreme partiality for the Ancients. It lay by him conceal'd, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of his other Writings, till about the year 1727, he sent it us to be printed, with many additional examples drawn from the excellent live Poets of this present age. We proceed to *Logick* and *Metaphysick*.

The wise Cornelius was convinced that these being *Polemical Arts*, could no more be learned alone, than Fencing, or Cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore necessary to look out for some Youth of pregnant parts,

to be a sort of humble companion to his son in those studies. His good fortune directed him to one of most singular endowments, whose name was Conradus Crambe : who by the father's side was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge ; his mother was Cousin to Mr. *Swan*, Gamester and Punster of the City of London : so that from both parents he drew a natural disposition to sport himself with *swords*, which as they are said to be the counters of wise Men, and ready-money of Fools, Crambe had great store of cash of the latter sort. Happy Martin in such a parent, and such a companion ! what might not he atchieve in Arts and sciences ?

Here I must premise a general observation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the use only of one Operation of the Intellect, tho' like short-sighted men they can hardly discover it themselves : They can form *single apprehensions*, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *discursus*. Now as it is wisely order'd, that people depriv'd of one sense, have the others in more perfection, such people will form single Ideas with a great deal of vivacity ; and happy were it indeed if they would confine themselves to such without forming *judicia*, much less *argumentations*.

Cornelius quickly discover'd that these two last operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almost totally extinguish'd in Crambe ; however he used to say that Rules of Logick are Spectacles

etacles to a purblind understanding, and therefore he resolv'd to proceed with his two Pupils.

Martin's understanding was so totally immers'd in *sensible objects*, that he demanded examples from material things of the abstracted Ideas of Logick: As for Crambe he contented himself with the Words, and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfy'd. Thus Crambe would tell his Instructor that all men were not *singular*; that Individuality could hardly be prædicated of any man, for it was commonly said that a man *is* not the same he *was*, that madmen are *besides themselves*, and drunken men *come to themselves*; which shows, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, Individuality. Cornelius told Martin that a shoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe deny'd, for he had seen it cut into commons: That's true (quoth the Tutor) but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the most lovely individual of the University. When he was told, a *substance* was that which was *subject to accidents*; then Soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *present or absent without the destruction of the subject*; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But as to that, Cor-

nelius

nelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man after his natural death was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his Stall amongst the logical prædicaments.

Cornelius was forc'd to give Martin sensible images; thus calling up the Coachman he ask'd him what he had seen at the Bear-garden? the man answer'd he saw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a Sergeant in the Guards, the other black, a Butcher; the Sergeant had red breeches, the Butcher blue; they fought upon a Stage about four o'clock, and the Sergeant wounded the Butcher in the leg. Mark (quoth Cornelius) how the fellow runs through the prædicaments. Men, *Substantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; Sergeant and Butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio & passio*; fighting-Stage, *ubi*; two a Clock, *quando*; blue and red Breeches, *habitus*. At the same time he warn'd Martin, that what he now *learn'd* as a Logician, he must *forget* as a natural Philosopher; that tho' he now taught them that accidents inher'd in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing; and that colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold, were not in the things but only phantasms of our brains. He was forc'd to let them into this secret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inher'd in a dancing-master, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the Characteristics of Relations:

Crambe

Crambe us'd to help him out by telling him, a Cuckold, a losing gamester, a man that had not din'd, a young heir that was kept short by his father, might be all known by their countenance ; that, in this last case, the Paternity and Filiation leave very sensible impressions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greatest difficulty was, when they came to the Tenth prædicament : Crambe affirmed, that his *Habitus* was more a substance than he was ; for his cloaths could better subsist without him, than he without his cloaths.

Martin suppos'd an *Universal Man* to be like a *Knight of a Shire*, or a *Burgess* of a Corporation, that represented a great many Individuals. His Father ask'd him, if he could not frame the Idea of an Universal Lord Mayor ? Martin told him, that never having seen but one Lord Mayor, the Idea of that Lord Mayor always return'd to his mind ; that he had great difficulty to abstract a Lord Mayor from his Fur, Gown, and Gold Chain ; nay, that the horse he saw the Lord Mayor ride upon, not a little disturb'd his imagination. On the other hand Crambe, to show himself of a more penetrating genius, swore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor not only without his Horse, Gown, and Gold Chain, but ev'n without Stature, Feature, Colour, Hands, Head, Feet, or any Body ; which he suppos'd was the abstract of a Lord Mayor. Cornelius told him that he was a lying Rascal ; that an *Universale* was

D

not

not the object of imagination, and that there was no such thing in reality, or a *parte Rei*. But I can prove (quoth Crambe) that there are *Clysters a parte Rei*, but *clysters* are *universales*; ergo. Thus I prove my *minor*. *Quod aptum est inesse multis*, is an *universale* by definition: but every clyster before it is administered has that quality; therefore every clyster is an *universale*.

He also found fault with the Advertisements, that they were not strict logical *definitions*: In an advertisement of a dog stol'n or stray'd, he said it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal* of the *Genus caninum*, &c. Cornelius told them, that though those advertisements were not fram'd according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *descriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contain'd a faint image of the *prædicabilia*, and were highly subservient to the common purposes of life; often discovering things that were lost, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian Grey-hound, of a mouse-colour, a white speck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to such a Lady.* Grey-hound, *Genus*; mouse-colour'd, &c. *differentia*; lame of one leg, *accidens*; belongs to such a Lady, *proprium*; (though not *quarto modo proprium*, for the Lady had another dog.)

Though I'm afraid I have transgress'd upon my Reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mention'd; which was Crambe's *Treatise of Syllogisms*.

He

He suppos'd that a Philosopher's brain was like a great Forest, where Ideas rang'd like animals of several kinds; that those Ideas copulated, and engender'd Conclusions; that when those of different Species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities; that the *Major* is the male, the *Minor* the female, which copulate by the middle Term, and engender the Conclusion. Hence they are call'd the *præmissæ*, or Predecessors of the Conclusion; and it is properly said by the Logicians *quod pariunt scientiam, opinionem*, they beget science, opinion, &c. Universal Propositions are Persons of quality; and therefore in Logick they are said to be of the *first figure*. Singular Propositions are Private persons, and therefore plac'd in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles all the rules of Syllogisms naturally follow.

- I. That there are only three Terms, neither more nor less; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.
- II. From universal premisses there follows an universal conclusion, as if one should say that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.
- III. From singular premisses follows only a singular conclusion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the issue must be so likewise.
- IV. From particular propositions nothing can be concluded, because the *Individua vaga* are (like whore-

- masters and common strumpets) barren.
- V. There cannot be more in the conclusion than was in the premisses, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.
- VI. The conclusion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diseases of their parents.
- VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or separation there can come no issue.
- VIII. The medium cannot enter the conclusion, that being logical incest.
- IX. An hypothetical proposition is only a contract, or a promise of marriage; from such therefore there can spring no real issue.
- X. When the premisses or parents are necessarily join'd (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful issue; but contingently join'd, they beget bastards.

So much for the Affirmative propositions; the Negative must be defer'd to another occasion.

Crambe us'd to value himself upon this System, from whence he said one might see the propriety of the expression, *such a one has a barren imagination*; and how common it is for such people to *adopt* conclusions that are not the issue of their premisses? therefore as an Absurdity is a *monster*, a Falsity is a *bastard*; and a true conclusion that followeth not from the premisses, may properly be said to be *adopted*. But then

then what is an Enthymem? (quoth Cornelius.) Why, an Enthymem (reply'd Crambe) is when the Major is indeed married to the Minor, but the Marriage *kept secret*.

METAPHYSICKS were a large field in which to exercise the weapons *Logick* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe us'd to engage like any prize-fighters, before the Father and his other Learned companions of the Symposiacks. And as Prize-fighters will agree to lay aside a buckler or some such defensive weapon, so would Crambe promise not to use *simpliciter* & *secundum quid*, provided Martin wou'd part with *materialiter* & *formaliter*: But it was found, that without the help of the defensive armour of those distinctions, the arguments cut so deep, that they fetch'd blood at every stroke. Their *Theses* were pick'd out of *Suarez*, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on those subjects. I shall give the Reader a taste of some of them.

- I. If the innate desire of the knowledge of Metaphysics was the cause of the Fall of Adam; and the *Arbor Porphyriana* the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil? *affirm'd*.
- II. If transcendental goodness could be truly prædicated of the Devil? *affirm'd*.
- III. Whether one, or many be first? or if one doth not suppose the notion of many? *Suarez*.

IV. That the desire of news in mankind is *appetitus innatus* not *elicitus*? *affirm'd.*

V. Whether there is in human understandings potential falsities? *affirm'd.*

VI. Whether God loves a *possible Angel* better than an *actually-existent flye*? *deny'd.*

VII. If Angels pass from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*

VII. If Angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas.*

IX. Whether every Angel hears what one Angel says to another? *deny'd. Aquinas.*

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the Devil? *deny'd. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one devil can illuminate another? *Aquin.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the state of innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the Creation was finish'd in six days, because six is the most perfect number; or if six be the most perfect number because the Creation was finished in six days? *Aquinas.*

There were several others that we may perhaps in the course of the life of this learned person have occasion to treat of, and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An præter esse reale actualis essentiæ sit aliud esse necessarium quo res actualiter existat?* In English

glish thus. Whether besides the real being of actual being, there be any other being necessary to cause a thing to be ?

This brings into my mind a project to banish Metaphysics out of Spain, which was suppos'd to be effectuated by this method : That no-body should use any Compound or Decomound of the Substantial Verbs but as they are read in the common conjugations : for every body will allow, that if you debar a Metaphysician from *ens*, *essentia*, *entitas*, *subsistentia*, &c. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *substantial forms*, a race of harmless beings which had lasted for many years, and afforded a comfortable subsistence to many poor Philosophers, should be now hunted down like so many wolves, without the possibility of a retreat. He consider'd that it had gone much harder with them than with *Essences*, which had retir'd from the *Schools* into the *Apothecaries Shops*, where some of them had been advanc'd into the degree of *Quintessences*. He thought there should be a retreat for poor *substantial forms* amongst the Gentlemen-ushers at Court ; and that there were indeed *substantial forms*, such as *forms of Prayer*, and *forms of Government*, without which, the things themselves could never long subsist. He also us'd to wonder that there was not a reward for such as could find out a *fourth figure* in

Logick as well as for those who shou'd discover the
Longitude.

CHAP. VIII.

ANATOMY.

Cornelius, it is certain, had a most superstitious veneration for the Ancients ; and if they contradicted each other, his Reason was so pliant and ductile, that he was always of opinion of the last he read : But he reckon'd it a point of honour never to be vanquish'd in a dispute ; from which quality he acquir'd the Title of the *Invincible Doctor*. While the Professor of Anatomy was demonstrating to his son the several kinds of *Intestines*, Cornelius affirm'd that there were only two, the *Colon* and the *Aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impossible could ever be mistaken. It was in vain to assure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole canal of the guts. Say what you please (he reply'd) this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may with equal Reason (answer'd the Professor) affirm that a man's Liver hath five Lobes, and deny the Circulation of the blood. Ocular demonstration (said Cornelius) seems to be on your side, yet I shall not give it up : Show me any viscus of a human

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 75

human body, and I will bring you a monster that differs from the common rule in the structure of it. If Nature shews such variety in the same age, why may she not have extended it further in several ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an Antidiluvian; of the strength of Sampson, or the size of the Giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be possible, the present generation of men may differ from the Ancients? The Moderns have perhaps lengthen'd the channel of the guts by Gluttony, and diminish'd the liver by hard drinking. Though it shall be demonstrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will still believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the Ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a Tide. Consider how Luxury hath introduced new diseases, and with them not improbably alter'd the whole course of the fluids. Consider how the current of mighty Rivers, nay the very channels of the Ocean are changed from what they were in ancient days, and can we be so vain to imagine that the Microcosm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I question not but plausible Conjectures may be made at the time when the blood first began to circulate.—Such Disputes as these frequently perplex'd the Professor to that degree, that he would now and then in a passion leave him in the middle of a Lecture, as he did at this time.

There

There unfortunately happen'd soon after, an unusual accident, which retarded the prosecution of the studies of Martin. Having purchas'd the body of a Malefactor, he hir'd a Room for its dissection near the Pest-fields in St. Giles's, at a little distance from Tyburn Road. Crambe (to whose care this body was committed) carry'd it thither about twelve a clock at night in a Hackney-coach, no house-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to such kind of Operators. As he was softly stalking up stairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had lik'd to have slipp'd from him, which he (to save from falling) grasp'd so hard about the belly that it forced the wind through the *Anus*, with a noise exactly like the *Crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the Animal Oeconomy could remain in a dead man) was so terrify'd, that he threw down the body, ran up to his master, and had scarce breath to tell him what had happen'd. Martin with all his Philosophy could not prevail upon him to return to his post. You may say what you please (quoth Crambe) no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he seem'd to be mightily relieved by it. The rolling of the corps down stairs made such a noise that it awak'd the whole house; the maid shriek'd, the landlady cry'd out Theives; but the landlord, in his shirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand and a drawn sword

in the other, ventur'd out of the Room; the maid with only a single petticoat ran up stairs, but spurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a swoon. Now the landlord stood still and list'ned, then he look'd behind him, and ventur'd down in this manner one stair after another, 'till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another Corps unknown. The wife ran into the street and cry'd out Murder! the Watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down stairs. The Watch imagin'd they were making their escape, seiz'd them immediately, and carry'd them to a neighbouring Justice; where, upon searching them, several kind of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Justice first examin'd Crambe. What is your Name? says the Justice. I have acquir'd (quoth Crambe) no great Name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myself; though it may be some dispute to posterity. --What is yours and your master's profession? --- It is our business to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut off the heads, and pull out the hearts of those that never injur'd us; we rip up big-belly'd women, and tear children limb from limb. Martin endeavour'd to interrupt him; but the Justice being strangely astonish'd with the frankness of Crambe's Confession, order'd him to proceed; upon which he made the following Speech.

May

May it please your Worship, as touching the body of this man, I can answer each head that my accusers alledge against me, to a hair. They have hitherto talk'd like Num-sculls without brains ; but if your Worship will not only give ear, but regard me with a favourable eye, I will not be brow-beaten by the supercilious looks of my adversaries, who now stand cheek by jowl by your Worship. I will prove to their faces, that their foul mouths have not open'd their lips without a falsity ; though they have shew'd their teeth as if they would bite off my nose. Now, Sir, that I may fairly slip my neck out of the collar, I beg this matter may not be slightly skin'd over. Tho' I have no man here to back me, I will un-bosom myself, since Truth is on my side, and shall give them their bellies full though they think they have me upon the hip. Whereas they say I came into their lodgings with arms, and murder'd this man without their Privy, I declare I had not the least finger in it ; and since I am to stand upon my own legs, nothing of this matter shall be left till I set it upon a right foot. In the vein I am in, I cannot for my heart's blood and guts bear this usage. I shall not spare my lungs to defend my good name : I was ever reckon'd a good liver ; and I think I have the bowels of compassion. I ask but justice, and from the crown of my head to the soal of my foot I shall ever acknowledge myself your Worship's humble Servant.

The

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 61

The Justice stared, the Landlord and Landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talk'd in this rambling incoherent manner, till at length Martin begg'd to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Justice was convinc'd, till they sent for the Finisher of human laws, of whom the corps had been purchas'd; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave Oath accordingly.

CHAP. IX.

How Crambe had some Words with his Master.

What hath possessed thee, Crambe (cry'd Martin) that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of Punning? neither my counsel nor my example can reform thee; assuredly thou governest thy self by erroneous Maxims. Far from it (answers Crambe) my life is as orderly as my Dictionary, for by my dictionary I order my life. Order (reply'd Martin) is not only the beauty of all good writing, but the very Quintessence of all sound Morality. You have liv'd long enough with me to know mine and your own business through every hour and every day of the week. I no sooner rise but I — Crambe interrupts him, — repeat your Latin prayer, play

play a tune on your Guitar, breakfast on water-gruel without sugar, dine punctually at half an hour after one, at three a clock take a quarter of an hours nap, and at nine are at the Club. Your Diet and Studies on Mondays, are Apple-pye and Astrology; Tuesdays, Natural history and Ling; Wednesdays, Poetry and fasting; Thursdays, Mutton and Mathematicks; Fridays, Divinity and more fasting; and on Saturdays you take physick.

As to my self, my method of life is neither borrow'd from the Ancients nor Moderns: Let it suffice to tell you, that I have made a Kalendar of radical words for all the seasons, months, and days of the year, and that every day I am under the dominion of a certain Word. For example, this 24th of June, I am govern'd by the word Cord; I accord favours to such as ask them, live in concord with all the world, prevent discord among my neighbours, tune my harpsicord, cord my trunk, put on my corded drugget, and record the actions of famous men. Monstrous! (says Martin, lifting up his hands and eyes) such an unnatural, unaccountable, unintelligible, unpolite, unprofitable Jargon! There it is now (answers Crambe) this is your day for *Uns*: The whole world is govern'd by Words. What governs all England but the words Passive Obedience, and Liberty? What divides good Christians but the words Transubstantiation, Consubstantiation, and No-substantiation.

Now

The Justice stared, the Landlord and Landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talk'd in this rambling incoherent manner, till at length Martin begg'd to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Justice was convinc'd, till they sent for the Finisher of human laws, of whom the Corps had been purchas'd; who looking near the left ear knew his own work, and gave Oath accordingly.

No sooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a passion at Crambe. What Dæmon, he cry'd, hath possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of Punning? Neither my counsel nor my example have thus misled thee; thou governest thy self by most erroneous Maxims. Far from it (answers Crambe) my life is as orderly as my Dictionary, for by my Dictionary I order my life. I have made a Kalendar of radical words for all the seasons, months, and days of the year. Every day I am under the dominion of a certain Word. But this day in particular I cannot be misled, for I am govern'd by one that rules all sexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals rational and irrational. Who is not govern'd by the word *Led*? Our Noblemen and Drunkards are pimp-led, Physicians and Pulses fee-led, their Patients and Oranges pil-led, a New-married Man and an Ass are bride-led, an old-married Man and a Pack-horse saddle-led; Cats and Dice are rat-led, Swine and Nobility are sty-led, a Coquet and a Tinder-box are spark-led, a Lover and a Blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious—Which thou art (reply'd Martin, stamping with his foot) Which thou art I say beyond all human toleration — Such an unnatural, un-

accountable

accountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable — There it is now! (interrupted Crambe) this is your Day for *Uns*. Martin could bear no longer — however composing his Countenance, Come hither — he cry'd, there are five pounds, seventeen shillings and nine pence: thou hast been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours. Poor Crambe upon the receipt of his Salary fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burst forth in these words: "O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis "a crime I have learned from thee: O Bias, Bias! if "to pun be a crime, by thy example was I bias'd." Whereupon Martin, considering that one of the greatest of Orators, and even a Sage of Greece had punned, hesitated, relented, and re-instated Crambe in his Service.

CHAP. X.

How Martin became a great Critick.

IT was a most peculiar Talent in Martinus, to convert every Trifle into a serious thing, either in the way of Life, or in Learning. This can no way be better exemplify'd than in the effect which the Puns of Crambe had on the Mind and Studies of Martinus. He conceiv'd, that somewhat of a like Talent to this of Crambe, of *assembling parallel sounds*, either *syllables*, or *words*, might conduce to the Emendation and Correction of *Ancient Authors*, if apply'd to their Works, with the same *diligence*, and the same *liberty*. He resolv'd to try first upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that if the

the *most correct* Authors could be so served with any reputation to the Critick, the amendment and alteration of *all the rest* wou'd easily follow ; whereby a new, a vast, nay boundless field of glory would be open'd to the true and *absolute Critick*.

This Specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the Addenda to his Notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every bodies hands, under the names of Richard B—ley, and Thomas H—re. And we have convincing proofs that the late Edition of Milton publish'd in the name of the former of these, was in truth the Work of no other than our Scriblerus.

C H A P. XI.

Of Martinus's Uncommon Practice of Physick, and how he apply'd himself to the Diseases of the Mind.

BUT it is high time to return to the History of the Progress of Martinus in the Studies of Physick, and to enumerate some at least of the many Discoveries and Experiments he made therein.

One of the first was his Method of investigating latent Distempers, by the sagacious Quality of *Setting-Dogs* and *Pointers*. The success, and the Adventures that beset him, when he walk'd with these animals to

E smell

smell them out, in the Parks and publick places about London, are what we would willingly relate ; but that his own Account, together with a *List of those Gentlemen and Ladies* at whom they made a *Full Set*, will be publish'd in time convenient. There will also be added the Representation, which on occasion of one Distemper which was become almost epidemical, he thought himself oblig'd to lay before both Houses of Parliament, intitled *A Proposal for a General Flux*, to exterminate at one blow the P—x out of this kingdom.

He next proceeded to an Enquiry into the *Nature and Tokens of Virginity* according to the Jewish Doctrines, which occasion'd that most curious Treatise of the *Purification of * Queen Esther*, with a *Display of her Case* at large ; speedily also to be published.

But being weary of all practise on *fœtid Bodies*, from a certain niceness of Constitution, (especially when he attended Dr. Woodward thro' a Twelve-months course of Vomition) he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himself only to diseases of the *Mind*. He attempted to find out Specificks for all the *Passions* ; and as other Physicians throw their Patients into sweats, vomits, purgation, &c. he cast them into Love, hatred, hope, fear, joy, grief, &c.

* Vid. Esther, chap. 2. vers. 12.

MARTINUS SGRIBLERUS. 67

And indeed the great Irregularity of the Passions in the English Nation was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole studies, while he continued among us, to the Diseases of the Mind.

To this purpose he directed, in the first place, his late acquir'd skill in *Anatomy*. He consider'd *Virtues* and *Vices* as certain Habits which proceed from the natural Formation and Structure of particular parts of the body. A Bird flies because it has Wings, a Duck swims because it is web-footed : And there can be no question but the Aduncity of the pounces, and beaks of the Hawks, as well as the Length of the fangs, the sharpness of the teeth, and the strength of the crural and Masseter-muscles in Lions and Tygers, are the cause of the great and habitual immorality of those animals.

1st, He observ'd that the soul and body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the mind of the outward Instruments whereby she usually expresseth that Passion, you will in time abate the Passion itself, in like manner as Castration abates Lust.

2dly, That the soul in mankind expresseth every Passion by the Motion of some particular *Muscles*

3dly, That all Muscles grow stronger and thicker by being *much us'd*; therefore the habitual Passions may be discerned in particular persons by the strength and bigness of the Muscles us'd in the expression of that Passion.

4thly, That a Muscle may be strengthen'd or weaken'd by weakning or strength'ning the force of its Antagonist. These things premis'd, he took notice,

That *Complaisance*, *humility*, *assent*, *approbation*, and *civility*, were express'd by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary *dissent*, *dislike*, *refusal*, *pride* and *arrogance*, were mark'd by tossing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two Passions of *assent*, and *dissent* the Latins rightly express'd by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now he observ'd that complaisant and civil people had the Flexors of the head very strong; but in the proud and insolent there was a great over-balance of strength in the Extensors of the Neck and the Muscles of the Back, from whence they perform with great facility the motion of *tossing*, but with great difficulty that of *bowing*, and therefore have justly acquir'd the Title of *stiff-neck'd*: In order to reduce such persons to a just balance, he jug'd that the pair of Muscles call'd *Recti interni*, the Mastoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck,

neck and body must be strengthen'd, their Antagonists, the *Splenii Complexi*, and the Extensors of the Spine, weaken'd : For which purpose Nature herself seems to have directed mankind to correct this Muscular Immorality by tying such fellows *Neck-and-beels*.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious Custom of Mothers who abolish the natural Signature of Modesty in their Daughters by teaching them *tossing* and *bridling*, rather than the bashful posture of stooping, and hanging down the head. Martinus charg'd all husbands to take notice of the *Posture of the Head* of such as they courted to Matrimony, as that upon which their future happiness did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor Muscles so strong that they are always bowing and cringing, he suppos'd might in some measure be corrected by being ty'd down upon a Tree by the back, like the children of the Indians : which doctrine was strongly confirm'd by his observing the strength of the *levator Scapulae* : This Muscle is call'd the Muscle of *patience*, because in that affection of the Mind people shrug and raise up the shoulder to the tip of the ear. This Muscle also he observed to be exceedingly strong and large in *ben-peck'd Husbands*, in *Italians*, and in *English Ministers*.

In pursuance of his Theory, he suppos'd the *Constrictors* of the *Eye-lids* must be strengthen'd in the supercilious, the *abductors* in drunkards and contem-

plative men, who have the same stiddy and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinatores* or blowers up of the *cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *Nose*, were too strong in Cholerick people; and therefore Nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct such extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the Nose*.

The rolling amorous Eye, and the passion of Love might be corrected by frequently looking thro' glasses. Impertinent fellows that jump upon Tables, and cut capers, might be cur'd by relaxing medicines apply'd to the *Calves* of their *legs*, which in such people are too strong.

But there were two Cases which he reckon'd extremely difficult. First, *Affectation*, in which there were so many Muscles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and indeed the whole body, all in a false tone, that it requir'd an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The second case was immoderate *Laughter*: When any of that risible species were brought to the Doctor, and when he consider'd what an infinity of Muscles these laughing Rascals threw into a convulsive motion at the same time; whether we regard the spasms of the Diaphragm and all the muscles of respiration, the horrible *risus* of the mouth, the distortion of the lower jaw, the crisping of the nose, twinkling of the eyes, or spherical convexity of the cheeks, with

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 71

with the tremulous succussion of the whole human body : when he consider'd, I say, all this, he us'd to cry out *Casus plane deplorabilis !* and give such Patients over.

C H A P. XII.

The Case of a young Nobleman at Court, with the Doctor's Prescription for the same.

AN eminent Instance of Martinus's Sagacity in discovering the Distempers of the Mind, appear'd in the case of a young Nobleman at Court, who was observ'd to grow extremely affected in his speech, and whimsical in all his behaviour. He began to ask odd questions, talk in verse to himself, shut himself up from his friends, and be accessible to none buta Flatterers, Poets, and Pickpockets ; till his Relations and Old acquaintance judg'd him to be so far gone, as to be a fit Patient for the Doctor.

As soon as he had heard and examined all the symptoms, he pronounced his distemper to be *Love*.

His friends assured him they had with great care observ'd all his motions, and were perfectly satisfy'd there was no Woman in the case. Scriblerus was as positive that he was desperately in love with some person or other. " How can that be ? (said his Aunt,

“ who came to ask the advice) when he converses almost with none but himself?” Say you so? he replied, why then he is in love with Himself, one of the most common cases in the world. I am astonish’d people do not attend enough to this Disease, which has the same causes and symptoms, and admits of the same cure, with the other: especially since here the case of the Patient is the more helpless and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate passion is more blind than the other. There are people who discover from their very youth a most amorous inclination to themselves; which is unhappily nurs’d by such Mothers, as with their good will, wou’d never suffer their children to be *cross’d in love*. Ease, luxury, and idleness, blow up this flame as well as the other: Constant opportunities of conversation with the person beloved, (the greatest of incentives) are here impossible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, speaking a good word for the party, and carrying about Billet doux. Therefore I ask you, Madam, if this Gentleman has not been much frequented by Flatterers, and a sort of people who bring him dedications and verses? “ O Lord! Sir, (quoth the Aunt) the house is haunted “ with them.” There it is, (reply’d Scriblerus) those are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himself. Are there no civil Ladies that tell him he dresses well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like?

“ Why

“ Why truly Sir my Nephew is not aukward — Look you Madam, this is a misfortune to him : In former days these sort of lovers were happy in one respect, that they never had any Rivals, but of late they have all the Ladies so — Be pleased to answer a few questions more. Whom does he generally talk of ? Himself, quoth the Aunt. Whose wit and breeding does he most commend ? His own, quoth the Aunt. Whom does he write letters to ? Himself. Whom does he dream of ? All the dreams I ever heard were of himself. Whom is he ogling yonder ? Himself in his looking-glass. Why does he throw back his head in that languishing posture ? Only to be blest with a smile of himself as he passes by. Does he ever steal a kiss from himself, by biting his lips ? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermilion. Have you observ’d him to use Familiarities with any body ? “ With none but himself : he often embraces himself “ with folded arms, he claps his hand often upon his hip, “ nay sometimes thrusts it into — his breast.”

Madam, said the Doctor, all these are strong symptoms, but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman presented himself with any Love-toys ; such as gold Snuff-boxes, repeating Watches, or Tweezer-cases ? those are things that in time will soften the most obdurate heart. “ Not only so, (said the Aunt) but he “ bought the other day a fine brilliant diamond Ring for “ his own wearing. — Nay, if he has accepted of this
Ring,

Ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpose. Pray Madam, a word or two more—Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themselves with respect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? “By no” means; a familiar appellation makes him angry, if “you shake him a little roughly by the hand, he is in” a rage; but if you chuck him under the chin, he will “return you a box on the ear.”—Then the case is plain: he has the true Pathognomick sign of Love, *Jealousy*; for no body will suffer his Mistress to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole this Case is extremely dangerous. There are some people who are far gone in this passion of self-love, but then they keep a *very secret Intrigue* with themselves, and hide it from all the world besides. But this Patient has not the least care of the reputation of his Beloved, he is downright scandalous in his behaviour with himself; he is enchanted, bewitch'd, and almost past cure. However let the following methods be try'd upon him.

First, let him *** *Hiatus*. *** Secondly, let him wear a Bob-wig. Thirdly, shun the company of flatterers, nay of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiss if he travell'd over England in a Stage coach, and made the Tour of Holland in a Track-scout. Let him return the Snuff-boxes, Tweezer-cases, (and particularly

larly the Diamond ring) which he has receiv'd from himself. Let some knowing friend represent to him the many vile Qualities of this Mistress of his : let him be shewn that her Extravagance, Pride, and Prodigality will infallibly bring him to a morsel of bread : Let it be prov'd, that he has been False to himself, and if Treachery is not a sufficient cause to discard a Mistress, what is ? In short let him be made to see that no mortal besides himself either loves or can suffer this Creature. Let all Looking-glasses, polish'd Toys, and even clean Plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all those tender airs, affected smiles, languishing looks, wanton tosses of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, soft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him surprize the Beauty he adores at a disadvantage, survey himself naked, divested of artificial charms, and he will find himself a forked stradling animal, with bandy legs, a short neck, a dun hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better if he took a strong purge once a week, in order to contemplate himself in that condition : at which time it will be convenient to make use of the Letters, Dedications, &c. abovesaid. Something like this has been observed by Lucretius and others to be a powerful remedy in the case of Women. If all
this.

this will not do, I must e'en leave the poor man to his destiny. Let him *marry himself*, and when he is condemn'd eternally to himself, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himself, the Fate of most violent Self-lovers.

C H A P. XIII.

How Martinus endeavoured to find out the Seat of the Soul, and of his Correspondence with the Free-Thinkers.

IN this Design of Martin, to investigate the Diseases of the Mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an Enquiry after the *Seat of the Soul*; in which at first he labour'd under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodg'd in the Brain, sometimes in the Stomach, and sometimes in the Heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign Lady to one apartment, which made him infer that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: The Brain was her Study, the Heart her State-room, and the Stomach her Kitchen. But as he saw several offices of life went on at the same time, he was forc'd to give up this Hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the Soul to perform several operations by her little Ministers, the

Animal

Animal Spirits, from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts according to different Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, and Professions. Thus in Epicures he seated her in the mouth of the Stomach, Philosophers have her in the Brain, Soldiers in their Heart, Women in their Tongues, Fidlers in their Fingers, and Rope-dancers in their Toes. At length he grew fond of the *Glandula Pinealis*, dissecting many Subjects to find out the different Figure of this Gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different Tempers in mankind. He suppos'd that in factious and restless-spirited people he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the Soul to repose herself; that in quiet Tempers, it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the Soul as it were an easy cushion. He was confirm'd in this by observing, that Calves and Philosophers, Tygers and Statesmen, Foxes and Sharpers, Peacocks and Fops, Cock-Sparrows and Coquets, Monkeys and Players, Cour-tiers and Spaniels, Moles and Misers, exactly resembled one another in the conformation of the *Pineal Gland*. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in Highway-men and Conquerors: In order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first Species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too, under his Anatomical knife.

We

We must not omit taking notice here that these his Enquiries into the *Seat of the Soul* gave occasion to his first correspondence with the society of *Free-Thinkers*, who were then in their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they order'd their Secretary to write him the following Letter.

To the learned Inquisitor into Nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: The Society of Free-Thinkers greeting.

Grecian Coffee-House, May 7.

IT is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your Inquisitive genius, and we think it great pity that it should not be better employed, than in looking after that Theological Non-entity commonly call'd the *Soul*. Since after all your enquiries, it will appear you have lost your labour in seeking the Residence of such a Chimera, that never had being but in the brains of some dreaming Philosophers. Is it not *Demonstration* to a person of your Sense, that since you cannot find it, there is no such thing? In order to set so hopeful a Genius right in this matter, we have sent you an answer to the ill-grounded Sophisms of those crack-brain'd fellows, and likewise an easy *metbanical Explication of perception or thinking*.

One of their chief Arguments is, that *self-consciousness* cannot inhere in any system of Matter, because all matter

matter is made up of several distinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is easily answer'd by a familiar instance. In every *Jack* there is a *meat-roasting* Quality, which neither resides in the Fly, nor in the Weight, nor in any particular wheel of the Jack, but is the result of the whole composition; so in an animal, the Self-consciousness is not a real Quality inherent in one Being (any more than meat-roasting in a Jack) but the result of several Modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c. make one Jack, so the several parts of the body make one Animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this Animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the Jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, &c. are the several Modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, &c. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as this general Quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the Jack; so neither does consciousness, with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole Animal.

Just so, the Quality or disposition in a Fiddle to play tunes, with the several modifications of this *tune-playing*

playing quality in playing of *Preludes, Sarabands, Figs,* and *Gavotts,* are as much real qualities in the Instrument, as the thought or the imagination is in the mind of the Person that composes them.

The Parts (say they) of an animal body are perpetually chang'd, and the fluids which seem to be subject of consciousness, are in a perpetual circulation; so that the same individual particles do not remain in the Brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of Individual Consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other Sense than that maxim of the English Law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole Machine, is communicated from every Particle to its immediate Successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the Government, which still preserves the Unity of the whole System.

They make a great noise about this Individuality: how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same Individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the Particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain

plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darn'd so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of Consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible, that they were the same individual pair of stockings both before and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings; and yet after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirm'd, that every animal is conscious of some individual self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that as in a house of Commons all things are determin'd by a *Majority*, so it is in every Animal system. As that which determines the house is said to be the reason of the whole assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking beings, who are determin'd by the greater force of several particles; which like so many unthinking Members, compose one thinking System.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance. We reply, that this is

no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a Corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their predecessors.

We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the Brain, the several Modes of thinking. It is well known to Anatomists that the Brain is a *Congeries* of Glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, call'd Animal Spirits; that a Gland is nothing but a Canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the Arietation and Motion of the spirits in those Canals, proceed all the different sorts of Thoughts: Simple Ideas are produced by the motion of the spirits in one simple Canal: when two of these Canals disembogue themselves into one, they make what we call a Proposition; and when two of those propositional Channels empty themselves into a third, they form a Syllogism, or a Ratiocination. Memory is perform'd in a distinct apartment of the brain, made up of vessels similar, and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner it is easy to explain the other modes of thinking; as also why some people think so wrong and perversely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of those Glands. Some for example, are born without the propositional or syllogistical Canals; in others that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows

lows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded ; in trifling genius's, weak and small ; in the over-refining spirits, too much intorted and winding ; and so of the rest.

We are so much persuaded of the truth of this our Hypothesis, that we have employ'd one of our Members, a great Virtuoso at Nuremberg, to make a sort of an Hydraulic Engine, in which a chymical liquor resembling blood, is driven through Elastick Channels resembling Arteries and veins, by the force of an Embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatick Machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pulleys, like the nerves, tendons, and muscles. And we are persuaded that this our artificial Man will not only walk, and speak, and perform most of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your Country Parsons.

We wait with the utmost impatience for the honour of having you a Member of our Society, and beg leave to assure you that we are, &c.

What return Martin made to this obliging Letter we must defer to another occasion : let it suffice at present to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for stealing (as he thought) a hint from his *Theory of Syllogisms*, without doing him the honour so much as to mention him. He advis'd his Master by no means to enter into their Society, unless they would

give him sufficient security, to bear him harmless from any thing that might happen after this present life.

C H A P. XIV.

The DOUBLE MISTRESS.

The Style of this Chapter in the Original Memoirs is so singularly different from the rest, that it is hard to conceive by whom it was penn'd. But if we consider the particular Regard which our Philosopher had for it, who expressly directed that not one Word of this Chapter should be alter'd, it will be natural to suspect, it was written by himself, at the Time when Love (ever delighting in Romances) had somewhat tinctur'd his Style; and that the Remains of his first and strongest Passion gave him a Partiality to this Memorial of it. Thus it begins.

BUT now the successful Course of the Studies of Martin was interrupted by Love: Love, that unnerves the Vigour of the Hero, and softens the Severity of the Philosopher. It chanced, that as Martin was walking forth to inhale the fresh breeze of the Evening after the long and severe Studies of the day, and passing through the Western Confines of the famous
Metropolis

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 85

Metropolis of Albion, not far from the proud Battlements of the Palace of Whitehall whose walls are embraced by the silver Thames, his eyes were drawn upwards by a large square piece of Canvas which hung forth to the view of the passing Citizens. Upon it was pourtrayed by some accurate pencil, the Lybian Leopard, more fierce than in his native Desert; the mighty Lion who boasted thrice the bulk of the Nemean monster, before whom stood the little Jackall, the faithful spy of the King of beasts: near these was placed, of two Cubits high, the black Prince of Monomotapa, by whose side were seen the glaring Catamountain, the quill-darting Porcupine, and the man-mimicking Manteger. Close adjoining to this, hung another piece of Canvas, on which was display'd the portrait of two Bohemian Damsels, whom Nature had as closely united as the ancient Hermaphroditus and Salmacis, and whom it was as impossible to divide, as the mingled waters of the gentle Thames and the amorous Isis. While Martin stood in a meditating posture, feasting his eyes on the picture, he heard on a sudden the sonorous notes of a Clarion, which seem'd of the purest crystal. In an instant the passing multitude flock'd to the sound, as when a Drum summons the straggling soldiers to the approaching Battle. The youthful Virtuoso, who was in daily pursuit of the Curiosities of Nature, was immediately surrounded by the gazing throng. The doors, for ever barr'd to

the penny-less populace, seem'd to open themselves at his producing a silver Six-pence, which (like *Æneas's* golden bough) gain'd him admission into that scene of wonders. He no sooner enter'd the first apartment, but his nostrils were struck with the scent of Carnage and Bones; and naked Carcasses that bestrow'd the floor. The majestick Lion now rous'd from his bed, shook his brindled Mane; the spotted Leopard gnash'd his angry teeth, and walking to and fro, in indignation rattled his chains. Martin with infinite pleasure heard the History of the several monsters, which was courteously open'd to him by a Person of a grave and earnest mien; whose frank behaviour, and ready answers, discover'd him to have been long conversant with different Nations, and to have journey'd through distant Regions. By him he was informed that the Lion was hunted into the Toils of Lebanon, by the Bascha of Jerusalem; that the Leopard was nurs'd in the uninhabitable woods of Lybia; the Porcupine came from the kingdom of Prester-John, and the Manteger was a true descendant of the celebrated Hanniman the Magnificent. Sir, said Mr. Randal (for that was the name of the Master of the Show) the whole world cannot match these prodigies; twice have I sail'd round the Globe, these feet have travers'd the most remote and barbarous nations; and I can with conscience affirm, that not all the Desarts of the four Quarters of the world furnish out a more compleat

sett

sett of Animals than what are contain'd within these walls. Friend, (answer'd Martin) bold is thy Assertion, and wonderful is the knowledge of a Traveller. But did'st thou ever risque thy self among the * Scythian Cannibals, or those wild men of Abarimon, who walk with their feet backwards ? hast thou ever seen the Sciopi, so called because when laid supine, they shelter themselves from the Sun-beams with the shadow of their feet ? canst thou procure me a Troglodyte footman, who can catch a Roe at his full speed ? hast thou ever beheld those Illyrian damsels who have two sights in one eye, whose looks are poisonous to males that are adult ? hast thou ever measur'd the gigantick Ethiopian, whose stature is above eight Cubits high, or the sesquipedalian Pigmey ? hast thou ever seen any of the Cynocephali, who have the head and voice of a Dog, and whose † milk is the only true specifick for Consumptions ? Sir (reply'd Mr. Randal) all these have I beheld upon my honour, and many more which are set forth in my Journal : As for your dog-fac'd men, they are no other than what stands before you ; this is naturally the fiercest, but by art the tamest Manteger in the world. That word (replies Martin) is a corruption of the ‖ Mantichora of the Ancients, the most noxious Animal that ever infested the earth ;

* Pliny lib. 7. cap. 2.

† Pliny 16.

‖ Ælian. lib. 4. cap. 2.

who had a Sting above a Cubit long, and would attack a-rank of armed men at once, flinging his poisonous darts several miles around him. Canst thou inform me whether the Boars grunt in Macedonia? Canst thou give me a Certificate that the Lions in Africa are afraid of the scolding of Women? hast thou ever heard the sagacious Hyæna counterfeit the voice of a shepherd, imitate the vomiting of a man to draw the dogs together, and ev'n call a shepherd by his proper name? Your Crocodile is but a small one, but you ought to have brought with him the bird *Trochilos* that picks his teeth after dinner, at which the silly animal is so pleased, that he gapes wide enough to give the *Ichneumon*, his mortal enemy, an entrance into his belly. Your modern Ostriches are dwindled to meek Larks in comparison with those of the Ancients; theirs were equal in stature to a man on horseback. Alas! we have lost the chaste bird *Porphyrion*! The whole Race was destroy'd by Women, because they discover'd the infidelity of wives to the husbands. The *Merops* too is now no where to be found, the only bird that flew backward by the tail. But say, canst thou inform me, what Dialect of the Greek is spoken by the birds of *Diomedes' Island*? for it is

Pliny lib. 11. cap. 51.

lib. 8. cap. 25.

Ælian lib. 1. cap. 49.

Pliny lib. 8. cap. 30.

Ælian lib. 3. cap. 42.

Ælian lib. 1. cap. 2.

from

from them only we can learn the true pronunciation of that ancient language — Mr. Randal made no satisfactory answer to these demands, but harangued chiefly upon modern Monsters, and seem'd willing rather to confine his instances to the Animals of his own collections, pointing to each of them in their order with his Rod.

After Martin had satisfy'd his curiosity here, he was conducted into another apartment. Just at the entrance of the door appeared a Negroe Prince; his habiliments bespoke him Royal; his head was crown'd with the feather of an Ostrich; his sable feet and legs were interlaced with Purple and Gold, spangled with the Diamonds of Cornwall, and the precious stones of Bristol. Though his Stature was of the lowest, yet he behav'd himself with such an Air of Grandeur, as gave evident tokens of his Royal Birth and Education. He was mounted upon the least Palfrey in the Universe, a Palfrey whose natural beauty stood not in need of those various colour'd Ribbons which braided his Mane, and were interwoven with his tail. Again the chrystal Clarion sounded, and after several courteous speeches between the black Prince and Martin, our youthful Philosopher walk'd into the midst of the room, to bless his sight with the most beautiful Curiosity of Nature. On a sudden enter'd at another door the two Bohemian Sisters, whose common parts of Generation, to outward appearance, had so closely ally'd

ally'd them, that Nature seem'd here to have conspired with Fortune, that their lives should run in an eternal Parallel.

The Sun had twice eight times perform'd his annual course, since their mother brought them into the world with double pangs. Lindamira's eye was of a lively blue; Indamora's was black and piercing. Lindamira's cheeks might rival the blush of the morning; in Indamora the Lilly overcame the Rose; Lindamira's tresses were of the paler Gold, while the locks of Indamora were black and glossy as the Plumes of a Raven.

How great is the power of Love in human breasts! In vain has the wise man recourse to his Reason, when the insinuating Arrow touches his heart, and the pleasing Poison is diffused through his veins. But then how violent, how transporting must that passion prove, where not only the Fire of Youth, but the unquenchable Curiosity of a Philosopher pitch'd upon the same object! For how much soever our Martin was enamour'd on her as a beautiful Woman, he was infinitely more ravish'd with her as a most charming Monster. What wonder then, if his gentle spirit already humaniz'd by a polite Education to receive all soft impressions, and fired by the sight of those beauties so lavishly expos'd to his view, should prove unable to resist at once so pleasing a Passion, and so amiable a Phæmenon?

Martin

Martin, who felt the true emotions of Love, blush'd that the Object of his flame should be so openly prostituted to vulgar eyes ; and though he had been permitted to peruse her most secret charms, yet his honourable passion was so strong, that it ran into the extremum of bashfulness ; so that at the first interview he made no Overtures of his Love. Pensive he return'd, and flinging himself on his Couch, he pass'd away the tedious hours of the night in the utmost inquietude. The rushy Taper afforded a glimm'ring light, by which he contemplated the tender lines of Ovid ; but alas ! his Remedy of Love was no cure for our unhappy Lover's Anxiety ! He closed the amorous volume, sigh'd, and casting his eyes around on the Books that adorned his room, broke forth in this pathetick Apostrophe.

O ye Spirits of Antiquity who yet live in those sacred leaves ! why do I make you conscious of my shame ? Yet why should I depreciate the noble Passion of Love, and call it Shame ? your Heroes have felt it, your Poets and Orators have prais'd it. Were I enamour'd on some gaudy Virgin, did I doat on vulgar Perfection, the Lustre of an Eye or the Rose of a Cheek ; with reason might I blush before you, most learned Inquisitors into Nature ! most reverend Pliny, Ælian, and Aldrovandus ! Yet sure you cannot disapprove of this, which is no wanton Passion, but excited by so unparallel'd a Production ; a flame, that
may

may not only justify itself to the severity of a Philosopher, but even to the Avarice of a Parent ; since this amiable Object carries a most plentiful Fortune in the sole Exhibition of her person. Heavens! how I wonder at the Stupidity of mankind, who can affix the opprobrious Name of Monstrosity to what is only variety of beauty, and a profusion of generous Nature ? If there are Charms in one face, one mouth, one body ; if there are Charms in two eyes, two breasts, two arms ; are they not all redoubled in the Object of my Passion ? What tho' she be the common Gaze of the multitude, and is follow'd about by the stupid and ignorant ; does she not herein resemble the greatest Princes, and the greatest Beauties ? only with this difference, that her Admirers are more numerous, and more lasting.

Thus sigh'd he away the melancholy night ; but no sooner had Aurora, with blushes in her cheeks (as conscious that she was just risen from the embraces of Tithon) advanc'd through the purple gates of the east, but Martin rose: He rose indeed, but Melancholy, that was the companion of his slumbers, rose and walk'd with him. This was the first day that he amused himself with the gaudy ornaments of the body ; this was the first day that with secret pleasure he contemplated his Face, and the symetry of his limbs in a looking-glass. And now forsaking his solitary apartment, he walked directly to the habitation that confin'd

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 93

fin'd the Object of his desires. But as it is observ'd that the Curious never walk forth into the City to indulge their thirst of knowledge 'till about the hours of eleven or twelve ; the Morning has ever been the season of repose, for all those Animals, who (trapp'd by the frauds of men) have been oblig'd to change their Woods and Wilderesses for Lodgings in Cities at the rate of four shillings a week. Therefore Martin at this early hour was neither saluted by the sound of the Trumpet, nor were his eyes feasted as before with the pleasing Picture of his mistress ; but he walked to and fro before the door with folded arms, from the hour of five to eleven, humming in a low and melancholy tune.

The Trumpet no sooner sounded, but his heart leapt for joy, and a second six-pence gain'd him a second admittance into her apartment : Yet this day also, he only own'd his Passion in the language of his Eyes : But alas ! this language is only understood by those that love, and Lindamira remain'd still ignorant of his Passion.

In the mean time it was no small cause of wonder to Mr. Randal, that this gentleman should come every day to behold the same Show. He, no less covetous than the Guardian of a rich Heiress, entertain'd a suspicion that Martin had a design of stealing the Ladies. He thereupon issued out strict Orders, not to admit our Lover on any pretence whatsoever. What

Tor-

Torments must this occasion in the raging fever of Love! Martin had now recourse to Stratagem, and by a Bribe (which often even the Ermine and Scarlet Robe cannot resist) gain'd the Dwarf who kept the gates of the Show-room, to promote his Amour. He promis'd to convey a Letter to Lindamira the same evening, if he would bring it to him when darkness favour'd his design, at the apartment next the Monsters. Martin overjoy'd, hasten'd home, and after having consulted all the Authors that treat of Love, compos'd his Billet-doux, and at the time appointed went to entrust it to the hands of his Confidant. Softly he stole up stairs, he approach'd the door, and gave a gentle rap; when on a sudden a small hand was thrust through a little hole at the bottom of the door, whence issued an unintelligible squeaking voice: Martin concluding it to be the Signal, deliver'd his Epistle, and made his Retreat unobserv'd. He was no sooner retir'd, but Mr. Randal enter'd, and (as it was his usual custom before he went to bed) took a view if all were safe in the Show-room. At his coming in, he saw his Monkey exceedingly busy in picking the Seal-wax by little bits from a Letter, which he turn'd over and over with infinite satisfaction. Mr. Randal, not thinking it a breach of honour to pry into the secrets of his own family, took the Letter from him, and read as follows.

To

To the most amiable LINDAMIRA,

WHile others, O darling of Nature, look upon thee with the eyes of Curiosity, I behold thee with those of Love. Since I have been struck with thy most astonishing Charms, how have I call'd upon Nature to make a new head, new arms, and a new body to sprout from this single Trunk of mine, and to double every member, so to render me a proper Mate for so lovely a Pair ! but think to how little purpose it will be for thee to stay till Nature shall form another of thy kind ; in such beauties she exhausts her whole art, and cannot afford to be prodigal. Ages must be numbred, nay perhaps some Comet may vitrify this Globe on which we tread, before we behold a Castor and a Pollux resembling the beauteous Lindamira and Indamora. Nature forms her wonders for the wise, and such a Master-piece she could design for none but a Philosopher. Cease then to display those beauties to the prophane Vulgar, which were created to crown the desires of

Your passionate Admirer,

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

The Dwarf enter'd as he was reading the Letter, and perceiving his Master mov'd with passion, immediately fell on his knees and confess'd the whole affair. Mr.

Randal

Randal bent on revenge, caused him to hasten to Martin's house, with assurances that Lindamira had read his Letter with infinite satisfaction, and conjured him that he would immediately favour her escape. Martin overjoy'd at the news, flew thither on the Wings of Love. The perfidious Dwarf conducted him up stairs in the dark, gently open'd the door, and bad him enter. How happy was Martin in that instant, who thought of nothing but leaping into the four soft arms of his mistress! when lo, on a sudden he saw at the further end of the Room two glitt'ring balls of Fire, which roll'd to and fro in a most terrible manner! Now his ears were invaded with horrid hissings and spittings, the balls of Fire drew nearer him, and the noise redoubled as he approach'd; yet our Philosopher bold and resolute with love, ventur'd towards it; when all at once he perceiv'd something grasp him hard by the throat, and six as it were sharp lancets in his cheek, so that blood trickled amain down his chin: Thrice Martin essay'd to free himself, but vain were all his endeavours: till at length, to save his life, he was forced to betray his Intrigue, and alarm the house with reiterated cries of Murder! The apartment of the Bohemian beauties being the adjoining Room, they were the first that enter'd with a light to his assistance. Martin all bloody as he was, a most fierce Cat-a-mountain hanging at his chin, (which Mr. Randal had maliciously plac'd there

on

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 97

on purpose) at sight of Lindamira, forgot his distress. Ah, my Love ! (he cry'd) how like is thy fate to that of Thisbe ! who staying but a moment too late, thought she found her miserable Lover torn in pieces by a Savage beast ! The affrighted Damsels shriek'd aloud, Mr. Randal with all his Retinue rush'd into the room, and now every hand conspired to free his under-jaw from the sharp teeth of the enraged Monster. But the Lady, whose heart melted at the piteous Spectacle, was so zealous in this office of Humanity, that the Cat-a-mountain, provok'd at her good-natur'd diligence, leap'd furiously on her, and wounded three of her hands, and her two noses, to such a barbarous degree that she was not fit to be shown publicly for the space of three weeks. The generous Lover, more wounded at this Spectacle, than at all the scratches he had himself receiv'd, charg'd the monster again with the utmost intrepidity, and rescued his mangled Mistress : Then (having taken her by the hand, and given it a gentle grasp) he retreated with his eye fix'd upon her, and just as he left the room (in a low and tender Accent) thus breath'd forth his Soul. " Behold, all this
" have I suffer'd for you !"

Such, and so modest was the first Declaration of Love, made on this eminent occasion by our youthful Philosopher. Nor was it ungently receiv'd by the simple and innocent Lindamira ; who hitherto unus'd to the soft Protestations of adoring Slaves, had rather

G

been

been wonder'd at than below'd ; and had but imperfect notions of that tender language, having receiv'd no Addresses but from the black Prince or the Dwarf.

Martin, notwithstanding this unfortunate adventure, still pursued his wishes. His Letters were now no more intercepted. Lindamira read them, and behav'd like other courteous dames when they receive those amorous Testimonials ; conceal'd them from her Guardian, and return'd the most engaging answers. In short, she was so far captivated, as to resolve no longer to be gaz'd at like a publick Beauty in her own Assembly ; but retire from the world, and become the virtuous Mistress of a Family.

But Fate had so ordain'd, that Martin was not more enamoured on Lindamira, than Indamora was on Martin : She jealous that her Sister had the greatest share in this conquest, resented that an equal application had not been made to herself. She seiz'd Lindamira to that degree on this subject, that she promis'd to see Martin no more. But then again might Indamora be deem'd the unhappiest of Women, whom her own Passion and Imprudence had robb'd of the sight of her Lover : Yet Shame caused her to conceal those anxieties from her Sister. And let the Reader judge how unhappy the Nymph must be, who was even depriv'd the universal Relief, of a *Soliloquy*. However, thus she thought, without being allow'd to tell it to any Grove or purling Stream.

Wretched

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 99

Wretched Indamora ! if Lindamira must never more see Martin, Martin shall never again bless the eyes of Indamora. Yet why do I say wretched ? since my Rival can never possess my Lover without me. The pangs that others feel in Absence from the thought of those Joys that bless their Rivals, can never sting thy bosom ; nor can they mortify thee by making thee a Witness, without giving thee at the same time a share, of their Endearments. Change then thy proceeding, Indamora ; thy Jealousy must act a new and unheard-of part, and promote the interest of thy Rival, as the only way to the enjoyment of thy Lover.

From that moment she studied by all methods to advance her Sister's Amour, and in that her own. And thus there appeared in these three Lovers as extraordinary a Conjunction of Passions as of Persons : Love had reconcil'd himself to his mortal foes, to Philosophy in Martin, and to Jealousy in Indamora.

And now flourish'd the Amour of Martin ; success even prevented his wishes ; the Marriage was agreed on, and the day appointed. Sunday was the time when Mr. Randal's Absence favour'd their hopes, who never on that day, omitted taking the fresh air in the fields : The key of the door he always took with him. Crambe was ready laid at a convenient distance, who accommodated them with a ladder of ropes. The ladder was thrown up, and the Signal given at the window. Lindamira hasten'd to the Alarm of

Love, when behold a new Disaster ! As she was getting out of the window, the weight of her body on one side, and that of Indamora's on the other, unluckily caused them to stick in the midway : Lindamira hung with her coats stript up to the navel without, and Indamora in no less immodest posture within. The *Manteger*, who for his gentleness was allowed to walk at large in the house, was so heighten'd at this sight, that he rush'd upon Indamora like a barbarous Ravisher. Indamora cry'd aloud for help. Martin flew to revenge this insolent attempt, of a Rape on his wedding-day. The lustful Monster, driv'n from our double Lucrece, fled into the middle of the room, pursued by the valorous and indignant Martin. Three times the hot Manteger, frighted at the furious menaces of his Antagonist, made a circle round the chamber, and three times the swift-footed Martin pursued him. He now enraged caught up the *Horn* of a *Unicorn*, which lay ready for the entertainment of the curious spectator, and brandishing it over his head in airy circles, hurl'd it against the hairy son of Hanniman ; who wrinkling his brown forehead, and gnashing his teeth in indignation, stoop'd low : The horny lance just ras'd his left shoulder, and stuck into the tapestry hangings. Provok'd at this, the grinning Offspring of Hanniman caught up the pointed *Horn* of an *Antelope*, and aim'd a blow against his undismay'd Adversary. Our heroic Lover, who held his hat before him like

Like a shield, receiv'd the weapon full on the Crown ;
it pierc'd the beaver, and gave a small rent to his
breeches. Then the human Champion flung with
mighty violence the hinder *foot* of an *Elk*, which hit
the bestial Combatant full on the nether jaw. He
reel'd, but soon recovering, and his skill in war lying
rather in the close fight than in projectile weapons,
he endeavour'd to close with him. Forthwith as-
sailing him behind unawares, he clamber'd up his back,
and pluck'd up by the roots a mighty grasp of hair—
but Martin soon dismounted him, and kept him at
a distance. Love not only inspired his breast with
Courage, but gave double strength to his Sinews ;
he heav'd up the *hand* of a prodigious *Sea-Monster* ;
which when the chatt'ring Champion beheld, he
no less furious, wielded the pond'rous *Thigh-bone*
of a *Giant*. And now they stood oppos'd to each
other, like the dread Captain of the seven-fold Shield
and the redoubted Hector. The Thigh-bone mis'd
its aim ; but the hand of the Sea-Monster descended
directly upon the head of the Sylvan Ravisher. The
Monster chatter'd horribly ; he stretch'd his quiv'ring
limbs on the floor ; and eternal sleep lock'd fast his
eyelids.

The Lady from the window, like another Hellen
from the Trojan wall, was witness of the Combat
caused by her own beauty. She saw with what
gracefulness her Hero enter'd the Lifts, admir'd his

activity and courage in the combat, and was a joyful witness of his Triumph. She gave a spring from the window, and with open arms and legs embraced the neck and shoulders of her Champion. Our Philosopher receiv'd her with his face turn'd modestly from her, and in that manner convey'd her into the street. He call'd a Chair with all haste, but no chairmen would take her, which oblig'd him to bear his extraordinary burden till he found a Coach, in which he carried her off, and was happily united to her that very evening, by a Reverend Clergyman in the Fleet, in the holy Bonds of Matrimony.

C H A P. XV.

Of the strange, and never to be parallel'd Process at Law upon the Marriage of Scriblerus, and the Pleadings of the Advocates.

BUT *Nemesis*, who delights in traversing the best-laid designs of Cupid, maliciously contrived the means to make these three Lovers unhappy. No sooner had the Master of the Show receiv'd notice of their flight, but he seiz'd on the Bohemian Ladies by a Warrant; and not content with having recover'd the Possession of them, resolv'd to open all the Sluices of the *Law* upon Martin. So he instantly went to Council to advise upon all possible methods of revenge.

The

The first point he proceeded on was the *Property* of his Monster, and the question propounded was, (1) "Whether Slaves could marry without the consent of their Master?" To this he was answer'd in the Affirmative, but told at the same time, "that (2) the Marriage did not exempt them from Servitude;" which put him in no small hopes of having Martin added to his *Show*, and acquiring a property in his *Bodily Issue* by the Ladies. But his joy was soon dash'd, when he was informed, that since Martin was a Free Man, (3) "The Children must follow the condition of the Father: or, that indeed, if they were to follow that of their Mother, the Case would be the same, there being no slavery in England.

Then his Counsel judg'd it more adviseable to plead for a *Dissolution* of the *Marriage*, upon the impossibility of Conjugal dues in the Wife. But then the *Canon Law* allow'd a *Triennial Cohabitation*, which entirely ruin'd this Project also. Besides it was evident by the same Law, that "Monstrosity could not incapacitate from Marriage," witness the Case of Her-

1 *An servi possint invitis Dominis Matrimonium contrahere?*

2 *An servus Matrimonio eximitur a Domini obsequio?*

3 *An Liberi sequuntur Conditionem Patris, an Matris?*

maphrodites, who are allow'd "*Facultatem Conjugii*,
 " provided they *make Election* before the *Parish Priest*,
 " in *what sex* they will act, and take an Oath never
 " to perform in the other capacity." (1)

It was next consulted whether Martin should not be permitted to *take away* his Wife: since upon his so doing "he might be sued for a *Rape* upon the body of "her *Sister*, there being plainly the *four conditions* of a " (2) *Rape*." But then again they consider'd, that Martin might answer he claim'd nothing but his own; and if another person had fix'd herself to his wife, he must not for that cause be debarr'd the use of his Property.

Yet still, upon the same head of Martin's possessing his spouse, a Suit might be devis'd in the name of *Lindamira*, on this account; (3) That a *Wife* was not "oblig'd to live with a *Concubine*, and such her Sister " *Indamora* must be accounted to Martin from the common (4) *Proofs*." To this too it was reply'd, that the Law order'd the *Wife* to *reside* with the *Husband* if there were sufficient security given to expel the *Concubine*. So Martin might say he was ready to accom-

1 Sanchez. Hostiens. Sylvest.

2 *Violentia, Causa Libidinis, Transductio ad Locum, Mulier honesta.*

3 *Uxor non tenetur vivere cum viro Concubinam tenente.*

4 *Tactus, amplexus, cohabitatio.*

plish his part of the Covenant, if his wife would perform hers, and consent to the (4) Incision. But this being an impossibility on the side of the Wife, it could no way be exacted of the Husband.

At length Mr. Randal, being vex'd to the heart, to have been so long and so quaintly disappointed, determin'd to commence a Suit against Martin for *Bigamy* and *Incest*. Mean while he left no Artifice or Address untry'd to perplex the unhappy Philosopher: He even contriv'd with infinite cunning, to alienate Indamora's affections from him; and debauch'd her into an Intrigue with a Creature of his own, the black Prince; whom he secretly caus'd to marry her, while her Sister was *asleep*.

Hereupon Martin was reduc'd to turn *Plaintiff* and commenc'd a Suit in the *Spiritual Court* against the black Prince, for Cohabitation with his said wife. He was advis'd to insist upon a new Point, (viz.) "That Lindamira and Indamora *together* made up
" but *one* lawful wife."

The Monster-master, further to distress Martin, forc'd Lindamira to petition for Aliment, *lite pendente*: which was no sooner allow'd her by the Court, but he oblig'd her to alledge, that "it was not sufficient to
" maintain both herself and her Sister; and if her Sister

4 *An Uxor tenetur Incisionem pati?* Sanchez. de Matrimonio.

"perish'd, she could not live with the dead body about
"her.

Martin now began to repent that he had not executed a resolution he formerly conceiv'd, of marrying *Crambe* to Indamora, as an Expedient to have made all secure. Moreover, it was insisted on, that the other had a right to *Aliment*, "because if Martin's
"wife should prove with child, the said Sister must
"necessarily perform the *Offices* of a *wife*, in contributing to the *Nutrition* and *Gestation* of the said child." A Jury of Physicians being impanel'd, declar'd, that as to Nutrition they were doubtful, whether any blood of Lindamira circulated through Indamora : But as to Gestation, it was evidently true. And upon this, Martin was order'd to allow Aliment to both, the Black Prince appearing *insolvent*.

Then the Court proceeded to the Trial. And as both the Cause and the Pleadings are of an extraordinary Nature, we think fit here to insert them.

Dr. Penny-feather thus pleaded for Martinus Scriblerus the Plaintiff.

"I appear before your Honour in behalf of Martinus Scriblerus, Batchelor of Physick, in a Complaint against Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, commonly
"call'd the black Prince of Monopotapa ; Inasmuch
"as the said Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, hath maliciously,
"forcibly, and unlawfully seiz'd, ravish'd, and detain'd

tain'd Lindamira-Indamora, the wife of the said
 Martin, and the body of the said Lindamira-Inda-
 mora, from time to time ever since, hath wickedly,
 leudly, and indecently us'd, handled, and evil en-
 treated. And in order to make this his Villainy
 more lasting, hath presum'd to marry this Our Wife,
 pretending to give his wickedness the Sanction of a
 Law. And forasmuch as the Adulterer doth not
 deny the fact, but insists upon his said Marriage as
 lawful, we cannot open the Case more plainly to
 your Honour, than by answering his Reasons,
 which indeed, to mention, is to confute.

He maintains no less an absurdity than this, that
 One is Two; and that Lindamira-Indamora, the indi-
 vidual wife of the Plaintiff, is not one, but two Per-
 sons: And that the said Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw is not
 marry'd to Lindamira, the wife of the said Martin,
 but to his own lawful wife Indamora, another indi-
 vidual Person distinct from the said Lindamira, tho'
 join'd to her by a strong Ligament of Nature.

In answer whereunto, we shall prove three things:
 First, that the said Lindamira-Indamora, now our
 lawful wife, makes but one individual Person.

Secondly, that if they made two individual persons,
 yet they constitute but one wife.

Thirdly, that supposing they made two individual
 persons, and two wives, each lawfully marry'd to her
 own husband, yet Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw hath

“ no right to detain Lindamira our lawfully wedded
 “ wife, on pretence of being marry'd to Indamora.

“ As to the first point : It will be necessary to de-
 “ termine the *constituent Principle* and *Essence* of In-
 “ dividuality, which in respect of mankind, we take
 “ to be one simple identical soul, in one simple identi-
 “ cal body. The individuality, sameness, or identi-
 “ ty of the body, is not determin'd (as some vainly
 “ imagine) by one head, and a certain number of arms,
 “ legs, and other members ; but in one simple, single
 “ *'aisioïov*, or member of Generation.

“ Let us search Profane History, and we shall find
 “ Geryon with three heads, and Briareus with an
 “ hundred hands. Let us search Sacred History, and
 “ we meet with one of the sons of the Giants with
 “ six Fingers to each Hand, and six Toes to each
 “ Foot ; yet none ever accounted Geryon or Briareus
 “ more than one person : And give us leave to say,
 “ the wife of the said Geryon would have had a good
 “ Action against any women who should have espous'd
 “ themselves to the two other heads of that Monarch.
 “ The Reason is plain ; because each of these having
 “ but one simple *'aisioïov*, or Member of Genera-
 “ tion, could be look'd upon but as one single person.

“ In conformity to this, when we behold this one
 “ member, we distinguish the Sex, and pronounce it
 “ a *Man*, or a *Woman* ; or, as the Latins express it,
 “ *unus Vir, una Mulier, un Homme, une Femme, One*
 “ *Man,*

“ *Man, One Woman.* For the same Reason Man and
 “ Wife are said to be one Flesh, because united in
 “ that part, which constitutes the Sameness and In-
 “ dividuality of each sex.

“ And as where there is but one Member of Ge-
 “ neration, there is but one body, so there can be but
 “ one Soul, because the said Organ of Generation is
 “ the Seat of the Soul; and consequently where
 “ there is but one such Organ, there can be but one
 “ Soul. Let me here say, without injury to truth,
 “ that no Philosopher, either of the past or present
 “ age, hath taken more pains to discover where the
 “ Soul keeps her residence, than the Plaintiff, the
 “ learned Martinus Scriblerus. And after his most
 “ diligent Enquiries and Experiments, he hath been
 “ verily persuaded, that the Organ of Generation is
 “ the true and only *Seat of the Soul*. That this part
 “ is seated in the middle, and near the Center of the
 “ whole body, is obvious to your Honour’s view.
 “ From thence, like the Sun in the Center of the world,
 “ the Soul dispenses her warmth and vital influence.
 “ Let the brain glory in the Wisdom of the aged, the
 “ Science of the learned, the Policy of the statesman,
 “ and the Invention of the witty; the accidental
 “ Amusements and Emanations of the Soul, and
 “ mortal as the Possessors of them! It is to the Organs
 “ of Generation that we owe Man himself; there
 “ the Soul is employ’d in works suitable to the Dignity
 of

“ of her Nature, and (as we may say) sits brooding
 “ over ages yet unborn.

“ We need not tell your Honour, that it has been
 “ the opinion of many most learned Divines and Phi-
 “ losophers, that the Soul, as well as Body, is pro-
 “ duc'd *Ex Traduce*. This doctrine has been defended
 “ by arguments irrefragable, and accounts for diffi-
 “ culties, without it, inexplicable. All which argu-
 “ ments conclude with equal strength, for the Soul's
 “ being seated in the Organs of Generation. For
 “ since the whole man, both Soul and body, is *there*
 “ form'd, and since nothing can operate but where
 “ it is, it follows that the soul must reside in that
 “ individual place, where she exerts her generative
 “ and plastick Powers.

“ This our Doctrine is confirm'd by all those Ex-
 “ periments, which conspire to prove the absolute
 “ Dominion which that part hath over the whole
 “ body. We see how many Women, who are deaf
 “ to the persuasions of the Eloquent, the insinuations
 “ of the Crafty, and the threats of the Imperious, are
 “ easily govern'd by some poor Logger-head, unfur-
 “ nish'd with the least art, but that of making im-
 “ mediate application to this *Seat of the Soul*. The
 “ impressions made by the Ear are so distant, and
 “ transmitted thro' many windings, that they lose
 “ their Energy. But your Honour, by immediately
 “ applying to the Organ of Generation, acts like a
 bold

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 111

“ bold and wise Petitioner, who goes strait to the
“ *very Throne and Judgment-Seat* of the Monarch.

“ And whereas it is objected that here are *two Wills*,
“ and therefore *two different Persons*. We answer, if
“ Multiplicity of Wills imply’d multiplicity of Per-
“ sons, there are few Husbands but what are guilty of
“ *Poligamy*, there being in the same Woman great
“ and notorious diversity of Wills: A Point which
“ we shall not need to insist upon before any marry’d
“ person, much less of your Honour’s known Expe-
“ rience.

“ Thus have we made good our first and principal
“ Point; That if the wife of the Plaintiff, Lindamira-
“ Indamora, hath but *one* Organ of Generation, she
“ is but *one individual Person*, in the truest and most
“ proper sense of Individuality. And that the mat-
“ ter of Fact is so, we are willing to put upon a
“ fair Trial by a Jury of Matrons, whom your
“ Honour shall think fit to nominate and appoint, to
“ inspect the body of the said Lindamira-Indamora.

“ *Secondly*, we are to prove, that though Lindamira-
“ Indamora were *two* individual Persons, consisting
“ each of a Soul and Body, yet if they have but one
“ Organ of Generation, they can constitute but one
“ wife. For, from whence can the *Unity* of any thing
“ be denominated, but from that which *constitutes* the
“ *Essence* or principal *Use* of it? Thus, if a Knife
“ or hatchet have but one blade, though two handles,

“ it will properly be denominated but one knife, or
 “ one hatchet; inasmuch as it hath but one of that
 “ which constitutes the Essence or principal Use of
 “ a knife or hatchet. So if there were not only one,
 “ but twenty *Sapposita Rationalia*, with one common
 “ Organ of Generation, that one System would only
 “ make one Wife. Upon the whole; let not a few
 “ Heads, Legs, or Arms extraordinary, bias your
 “ Honour’s Judgment, and deprive the Plaintiff of
 “ his legal Property: In which right our Client is
 “ so strongly fortify’d, that allowing both the former
 “ Propositions to be false, and that there were two
 “ Persons, two Bodies, two Rational Souls, yea, and
 “ two Organs of Generation, yet would it still be
 “ plain in the third place.

“ That the Defendant, Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw,
 “ can have no Right to detain from the Plaintiff, his
 “ lawfully wedded *Wife, Lindamira*. For, abstracting
 “ from the *Priority* of the marriage of our Client,
 “ by which it would seem he acquir’d a property in
 “ his wife, and *all other Matter inseparably annex’d*
 “ *unto her*, it is evident Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw,
 “ by his marriage to Indamora, could never acquire
 “ any property in Lindamira; nor can produce any
 “ Cause why both of them should live with himself,
 “ rather than with the other? Therefore, we humb-
 “ ly hope your Honour will order the body of Our
 “ said

“ said wife to be restor’d to us, and due Censure
 “ pass on the said Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw.

Dr. Penny-feather having thus ended his Pleading,
 Dr. Leather-head began in this manner.

“ I will not trouble your Honour with any un-
 “ necessary Preambles, or false Colours of Eloquence,
 “ which Truth hath no need of, and which would
 “ prove too thin a Veil for Falsehood, before the
 “ penetrating eyes of your Honour. In answer
 “ therefore to what our learned brother, Dr. Penny-
 “ feather hath asserted, we shall labour to demon-
 “ strate,

“ *First*, That though there were but one Organ of
 “ Generation, yet are there two distinct persons.

“ *Secondly*, that although there were one Organ
 “ of Generation, and two distinct persons; so far
 “ would it be from giving the Plaintiff any right to
 “ the body of Indamora, the wife of Ebn-Hai-Paw-
 “ Waw, that it will subject the Plaintiff to the pe-
 “ nalty of Incest, or of Bigamy.

“ *Thirdly*, we doubt not to prove that the said
 “ Lindamira-Indamora hath two distinct parts of
 “ Generation.

“ And *First* we will show, that neither the in-
 “ dividual Essence of mankind, nor the Seat of the
 “ Soul, doth reside in the Organ of Generation;
 “ and this first from Reason. For unreasonable indeed

H

must

" must it be, to make that the Seat of the Rational
 " Soul, which alone sets us on a level with beasts :
 " or to conceive, that the Essence of Unity and In-
 " dividuality should consist in that which is the Source
 " of Discord and Division. In a word, what can be
 " a greater absurdity, than to affirm Bestiality to be
 " the Essence of Humanity, Darkness the Center of
 " Light, and Filthiness the Seat of Purity ?

" We could from the authority of the most emi-
 " nent Philosophers of all ages, confirm this our As-
 " sertion, few of whom ever had the impudence to
 " degrade this Queen, the Rational Soul, to the very
 " lowest and vilest Apartment, or rather Sink of
 " her whole Palace. But we shall produce still a
 " greater Authority than these, to manifest that per-
 " sonal Individuality did subsist, when there was no
 " such generative Carnality.

" It hath been strenuously maintain'd by many
 " holy Divines (and particularly by Thomas Aqui-
 " nas) that our first Parents, in the state of In-
 " nocence, did in no wise propagate their species
 " after the present common manner of men and
 " beasts : But that the propagation, at that time,
 " must have been by Intuition, Coalition of Ideas, or
 " some pure and spiritual manner, suitable to the
 " dignity of their station. And though the Sexes
 " were distinguish'd in that State, yet it is plain it
 " was not by parts, such as we have at present ; since,

" if

“ if our First Parents had any such, they must have
 “ known it : And it is written, that they discover’d
 “ them not till after the Fall, when it is probable
 “ those parts were the immediate Excrecence of Sin,
 “ and only grew forth in order to render them fitter
 “ companions for those Beasts among which they were
 “ then driven.

“ It is a Maxim in Philosophy, that *Generatio unius*
 “ *est Corruptio alterius* : whence it is apparent that
 “ the Paradisaical Generation was of a different na-
 “ ture from ours, free from all Corruption and Int-
 “ becility. This is further corroborated by the Au-
 “ thority of those Doctors of the Church, who have
 “ asserted, that before the Fall Adam was endow’d
 “ with a continual uninterrupted Faculty of Genera-
 “ tion ; which can be explain’d of no other than of
 “ that *Intuitive Generation* abovesaid : Since it is
 “ well known to all, the least skill’d in Anatomy,
 “ that the present (male) part of Generation is ut-
 “ terly incapable of this continual Faculty.

“ We come now to our *second* point, wherein the
 “ Advocate for the Plaintiff assesteth, that if there
 “ were two persons, and one Organ of Generations
 “ this System would constitute but one Wife. This
 “ will put the Plaintiff still in a worse condition, and
 “ render him plainly guilty of Bigamy, Rape, or
 “ Incest. For if there be but one such Organ of Ge-
 “ neration, then both the persons of Lindamira and

“ Indamora have an equal property in it; and what
 “ is Indamora’s property cannot be dispos’d of with-
 “ out her consent. We therefore bring the whole to
 “ this short Issue; whether the Plaintiff *Martinus*
 “ *Scriblerus* had the *Consent* of Indamora, or not? If
 “ he hath had her consent, he is guilty of *Bigamy*; if
 “ not, he is guilty of a *Rape*, or *Incest* or *both*.

“ The Defendant, Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw,
 “ having been lately baptiz’d, hath with singular mo-
 “ desty abstain’d from Consummation with his said
 “ Wife, until he shall be satisfy’d from the opinion of
 “ your Honour, his learned Judge, how far in Law
 “ and Conscience he may proceed: And therefore he
 “ cannot affirm much, nor positively, as to the stru-
 “ cture of the Organ of Generation of this his wife
 “ Indamora. Yet make we no doubt, that it wil-
 “ l upon inspection appear, that the said Organ is di-
 “ stinct from that of *Lindamira*: Whereupon we
 “ crave to hear the Report of the Jury of Matrons,
 “ appointed to inspect the body of the said gentle-
 “ women.

“ And if the Matter of Fact be thus, give me
 “ your Honour’s permission to repeat what hath been
 “ said by the Advocate for the Plaintiff; to wit, that
 “ *Martinus Scriblerus*, Batchelor in Physick, by this
 “ his Marriage with *Lindamira*, could in no wise
 “ acquire any property in the body of *Indamora*;
 “ nor shew any Cause why this duplicated wife, *Lin-*
damira.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 117

“ *damira-Indamora* should abide with him, rather than
“ with the Defendant, Prince *Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw*,
“ of *Monomotapa*.

The Jury of Matrons having made their Report, and it appearing from thence that the Parts of Generation in *Lindamira* and *Indamora* were distinct; the Judge took time to deliberate, and the next Court-Day he spoke to this effect.

GENTLEMEN,

“ I am of opinion that *Lindamira* and *Indamora*
“ are distinct persons, and that both the Marriages are
“ good and valid : Therefore I order you *Martinus*
“ *Scriblerus*, Batchelor in Physick, and you *Ebn-*
“ *Hai-Paw-Waw*, Prince of *Monomotapa*, to coha-
“ bit with your wives, and to lie in bed each on the
“ side of his own wife. I hope, Gentlemen, you
“ will seriously consider, that you are under a stricter
“ Tye than common Brothers-in-law ; that being,
“ as it were, Joint Proprietors of one common Te-
“ nement, you will so behave as good fellow-lodgers
“ ought to do, and with great modesty each to his
“ respective sister-in-law, abstaining from all further
“ Familiarities than what Conjugal Duties do natural-
“ ly oblige you to. Consider also by how small limits
“ the Duty and the Trespass is divided, lest, whilst

“ ye discharge the duty of Matrimony, ye heedlessly
 “ slide into the sin of Adultery.”

This Sentence pleas'd neither party ; and Martin
 appeal'd from the Consistory to the Court of *Arches* ;
 but they confirm'd the Sentence of the Consistory.

It was at last brought before a *Commission* of *De-*
legates, who, having weigh'd the Case, revers'd the
 Sentence of the inferiour Courts, and disannul'd the
 marriage, upon the following Reasons : “ That al-
 “ lowing the manner of Cohabitation enjoin'd to be
 “ practicable, (though highly inconvenient) yet the
 “ *Jus petendi* & *reddendi Debitum conjugale*, being
 “ at all times equal in both husbands, and both wives,
 “ and at the same time impossible in more than one ;
 “ two persons could not have a Right to the entire
 “ possession of the same thing, at the same time ; nor
 “ could one so enjoy his property as to debar another
 “ from the use of his, who has an equal right. So
 “ much as to the *Debitum petendi*, and as to the *De-*
 “ *bitum reddendi, nemo tenetur ad Impossibile.*” There-
 fore the Lords, with great Wisdom, dissolv'd both
 Marriages, as proceeding upon a natural, as well as
 legal Absurdity.

CHAP. XVI.

*Of the Seceſſion of Martinus, and ſome Hint of
his Travels.*

THIS affair being thus unhappily terminated, and become the whole talk of the Town; Martinus unable to ſupport the Affliction, as well as to avoid the many diſagreeable Conſequences, reſolv'd to quit the Kingdom.

But we muſt not here neglect to mention, that during the whole Courſe of this Proceſs, his continual attendance on the Courts in his own Cauſe, and his invincible curioſity for all that paſt in the Cauſes of others, gave him a wonderful inſight into this Branch of Learning, which muſt be confeſt to have been ſo improved by the Moderns, as beyond all compariſon to exceed the Ancients. From the day his firſt bill was filed, he began to collect *Reports*; and before his Suit was ended, he had time abundantly ſufficient to compile a very conſiderable Volume. His Anger at his ill ſucceſs cauſ'd him to deſtroy the greateſt part of theſe *Reports*; and only to preſerve ſuch as diſcover'd moſt of the Chicanery and Futility of the practice. Theſe we have ſome hopes to recover, if they were only miſlaid at his Removal; if not, the world will be enough inſtructed

to lament the loss, by the only one now publick, viz. *The Case of Stradling and Stiles, in an Action concerning black and white Horses.*

We cannot wonder that he contracted a violent Aversion to the *Law*, as is evident from a whole chapter of his *Travels*; and perhaps his Disappointment gave him also a Dis-inclination to the *Fair Sex*, for whom on some occasions he does not express all the Respect and Admiration possible. This doubtless must be the Reason, that in no part of his *Travels* we find him belov'd by any *strange Princess*; nor have we the least account that he ever relaps'd into this Passion, except what is mention'd in the Introduction, of the *Spanish Lady's Phenomenon*.

It was in the year 1699 that Martinus set out on his *Travels*. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were? It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou shalt know then, that in his first Voyage he was carry'd by a prosperous Storm to a discovery of the Remains of the ancient Pygmaean Empire.

That in his second, he was as happily shipwreck'd on the Land of the Giants, now the most humane people in the world.

That in his third Voyage, he discover'd a whole Kingdom of Philosophers, who govern by the Mathematicks; with whose admirable Schemes and Projects

he

he return'd to benefit his own dear Country, but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious Ministers of Queen Anne, and himself sent treacherously away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth Voyage he discovers a Vein of *Melancholy* proceeding almost to a disgust of his species ; but above all, a mortal Detestation to the whole flagitious Race of *Ministers*, and a final Resolution not to give in any *Memorial* to the *Secretary of State*, in order to subject the Lands he discover'd to the *Crown of Great Britain*.

Now if by these hints the Reader can help himself to a further discovery of the Nature and Contents of these Travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him ; I am oblig'd by all the ties of honour not to speak more openly.

But if any man shall ever see such very extraordinary Voyages, into such very extraordinary Nations, which manifest the most distinguishing marks of a Philosopher, a Politician, and a Legistator ; and can imagine them to belong to a *Surgeon of a Ship*, or a *Captain of a Merchant-man*, let him remain in his Ignorance.

And whoever he be, that shall further observe, in every page of such of a book, that cordial Love of *Mankind*, that inviolable regard to *Truth*, that passion for his dear *Country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent Princess Queen *Anne* ; surely that man deserves

deserves to be pity'd, if by all those visible Signs and Characters, he cannot distinguish and acknowledge the Great *Scriblerus*.

C H A P. XVII.

Of the Discoveries and Works of the Great Scriblerus, made and to be made, written and to be written, known and unknown.

AND here it seems but natural, to lament the unfortunate End of the Amour of our Philosopher. But the Historian of these Memoirs on the contrary cries out, Happy, thrice happy day! which dissolved the Marriage of the great Scriblerus! let it be celebrated in every language, learned and unlearned! let the Latin, the Greek, the Arabian, the Coptic; let all the Tongues of many-languag'd men, nay of Animals, be employed to resound it! since to this we owe such immense discoveries, not only of Oceans, Continents, Islands, with all their Inhabitants, minute, gigantick, mortal, and immortal; but those yet more enlarged and astonishing Views of worlds philosophical, physical, moral, intelligible, and unintelligible.

Here therefore, at this great Period, we end our first Book, And here, O Reader, we entreat thee utterly

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 123

terly to forget all thou hast hitherto read, and to cast thy eyes only forward to that boundless Field the next shall open before thee ; the fruits of which (if thine or our sins do not prevent) are to spread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the earth.

In the mean time know what thou owest, and what thou yet may'st owe, to this excellent Person, this Prodigy of our age ; who may well be called *The Philosopher of Ultimate Causes*, since by a Sagacity peculiar to himself, he hath discover'd Effects in their very Cause ; and thus, without the trivial helps of Experiments or Observations, hath been the inventor of most of the modern Systems and Hypotheses.

He hath enrich'd Mathematicks with many precise and Geometrical *Quadratures* of the *Circle*. He first discover'd the *Cause* of *Gravity*, and the intestine Motion of Fluids. To him we owe all the observations on the *Parallax* of the *Pole-Star*, and all the new *Theories* of the *Deluge*.

He it was, that first taught the right use sometimes of the *Fuga Vacui*, and sometimes of the *Materia Subtilis*, in resolving the grand Phænomena of Nature.

He it was that first found out the *Palpability* of *Colours* ; and by the delicacy of his Touch, could distinguish the different Vibrations of the heterogeneous Rays of Light.

His were the Projects of *Perpetuum Mobiles*, *Flying Engines*, and *Pacing Saddles* ; the Method of discovering

covering the *Longitude* by *Bomb-Vessels* ; and of increasing the *Trade-Wind* by vast plantations of *Reeds* and *Sedges*.

I shall mention only a few of his Philosophical and Mathematical Works.

1. A compleat Digest of the Laws of Nature, with a Review of those that are obsolete or repealed, and of those that are ready to be renew'd and put in force.

2. A Mechanical Explication of the Formation of the Universe, according to the Epicurean Hypothesis.

3. An Investigation of the quantity of real Matter in the Universe, with the proportion of the specifick Gravity of solid Matter to that of fluid.

4. Microscopical Observations of the Figure and Bulk of the constituent Parts of all fluids. A calculation of the proportion in which the fluids of the earth decrease, and of the period in which they will be totally exhausted.

5. A Computation of the Duration of the Sun, and how long it will last before it be burn'd out.

6. A Method to apply the Force arising from the immense Velocity of *Light* to mechanical purposes.

7. An answer to the question of a curious Gentleman ; How long a *New Star* was lighted up before its appearance to the Inhabitants of our earth ? To which is subjoin'd a Calculation, how much the Inhabitants

habitants of the *Moon* eat for Supper, considering that they pass a night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A Demonstration of the natural Dominion of the Inhabitants of the Earth over those of the Moon, if ever an intercourse should be open'd between them. With a Proposal of a *Partition-Treaty* among the earthly Potentates, in case of such discovery.

9. Tide-Tables for a Comet that is to approximate towards the earth.

10. The Number of the Inhabitants of London determin'd by the Reports of the Gold-finders, and the Tonnage of their Carriages ; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *Ingesta* and *Egesta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his Studies were directed to the universal Benefit of Mankind. Numerous have been his Projects to this end, of which *Two* alone will be sufficient to show the amazing Grandeur of his Genius. The first, by a general contribution of all Princes, to pierce the first Crust or *Nucleus* of this our *Earth* quite through, to the next concentrical Sphere : The advantage he propos'd from it was, to find the *Parallax* of the *Fixt Stars* ; but chiefly to refute Sir Isaac Newton's Theory of Gravity, and Mr. Halley's of the Variations. The
second.

second was, to build *Two Poles* to the *Meridian*, with immense *Light-houses* on the top of them ; to supply the defect of Nature, and to make the *Longitude* as easy to be calculated as the *Latitude*. Both these he could not but think very practicable, by the power of all the *Potentates* of the world.

May we presume after these to mention, how he descended from the sublime to the beneficial parts of knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *Physick*. From the Age, Complexion or Weight of the person given, he contrived to prescribe at a distance, as well as at a Patient's bed-side. He taught the way to many modern Physicians, to cure their Patients by Intuition, and to others to cure without looking on them at all. He projected a *Menstruum* to dissolve the Stone, made of Dr. Woodward's *Universal Deluge-water*. His also was the device to relieve consumptive or asthmatic persons by bringing fresh air out of the Country to Town, by Pipes of the nature of the Recipients of Air-pumps : And to introduce the Native air of a man's country into any other in which he should travel, with a seasonable Intromission of such Steams as were most familiar to him, to the inexpressible comfort of many Scotsmen, Laplanders, and white Bears.

In *Physiognomy*, his penetration is such, that from the *Picture* only of any person, he can write his *Life* ; and from the features of the Parents, draw the *Portrait* of any Child that is to be born.

Nor

Nor hath he been so enrapt in these Studies, as to neglect the polite arts of Painting, Architecture, Music, Poetry, &c. It was he that gave the first hint to our modern *Painters* to improve the *Likeness* of their Portraits by the use of such *Colours* as would faithfully and constantly accompany the *Life*, not only in its present state, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itself.

In *Architecture*, he builds not with so much regard to present symmetry or conveniency, as with a Thought well worthy a true lover of Antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the building will have to posterity, when it shall fall, and become a Ruin.

As to *Music*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his scores.

In *Poetry*, he hath appear'd under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a Catalogue.

In *Politicks*, his Writings are of a peculiar Cast, for the most part Ironical, and the Drift of them often so delicate and refin'd as to be mistaken by the vulgar. He once went so far as to write a Persuasive to people to eat their own Children, which was so little understood as to be taken in ill part. He has often written against *Liberty* in the name of *Freeman* and *Algern*. *Sydney*, in vindication of the Measures of *Spain* under that of *Raleigh*, and in praise of *Corruption* under those of *Cato*, and *Publicola*.

It.

It is true, that at his last departure from England in the Reign of Queen Anne, apprehending lest any of these might be perverted to the scandal of the weak, or Encouragement of the flagitious, he cast them all, without mercy, into a Bog-house near St. James's. Some however have been with great diligence recover'd, and fish'd up with a hook and line by the Ministerial Writers, which make at present the great Ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judg'd beneficial to mankind, he constantly communicated (not only during his stay among us, but ever since his absence) by some method or other in which Ostentation had no part. With what incredible Modesty he conceal'd himself, is known to numbers of those to whom he address'd sometimes Epistles, sometimes Hints, sometimes whole Treatises; Advices to Friends, Projects to First Ministers, Letters to Members of Parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

All these will be vindicated to the true Author, in the Course of these Memoirs. I may venture to say they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to those, who will appear too much concern'd as *Plagiaries* to be admitted as *Judges*. Wherefore we warn the publick to take particular notice of all such as manifest any indecent Passion at the appearance of this Work, as persons most certainly involved in the Guilt.

The End of the First Book.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. 261

PIECES of Scriblerus (*written in his Youth*)
already published.

An Essay on the *Origine of Sciences*, written from
the Deserts of *Nubia*.

Πῶς ΒΑΘΥΣ: Martinus Scriblerus his *Rhe-*
torick, or, of the *Art of Sinking* in Poetry.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS. Seu Martini Scribleri
in *Æneidem* Specimen.

Annus Mirabilis, or the wonderful Effects of the
Conjunction of *Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn*.

The Report of a Case in an *Action at Law* concern-
ing certain *Pyed*, or *Black and White* Horses.

Notes and Prolegomena to the *Dunciad*.

Bentley's Milton.

Others not yet published, mentioned in the
Memoirs.

The Case of Queen *Esther*, with the whole Process
of her *Purification*.

An Account of the wonderful Discovery of divers
Diseases by *Setting-Dogs*, with a List of those
Gentlemen and Ladies at whom they *sett*.

A Proposal humbly offer'd to both Houses of Par-
liament, for a *General Flux*.

Scriblerus's REPORTS of certain extraordinary Cases
in Law.

.I

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THere will be publish'd with all convenient speed,
The **SECOND BOOK** of these **MEMOIRS**,
Being the **TRAVELS** of **M. SCRIBLERUS**,
Vindicated to their True Author. And the **THIRD**
BOOK never before publish'd, Containing his Jour-
ney thro' the Desarts of *Nubia* to the Court of *Æthi-*
opia: His Friendship with the Bishop of *Apamæa*,
and their joint Voyage upon *Cunturs*, to *Cbina*; with
an account of all the *bidden Doctrines* of Religion, and
the *refined Policy* of those Empires.

With these Travels will be intermix'd at proper in-
tervals, the *Journal* of a High and Mighty Prince,
styled in his own Country *Son of the Morning*,
Lord of the Air and Fire, and *Elder than all the*
Kings of the Earth; who hath long travel'd; and is
yet travelling *Incognito*, thro' all the Courts of *Europe*.
